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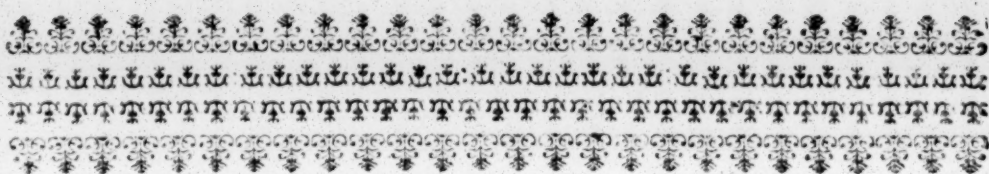
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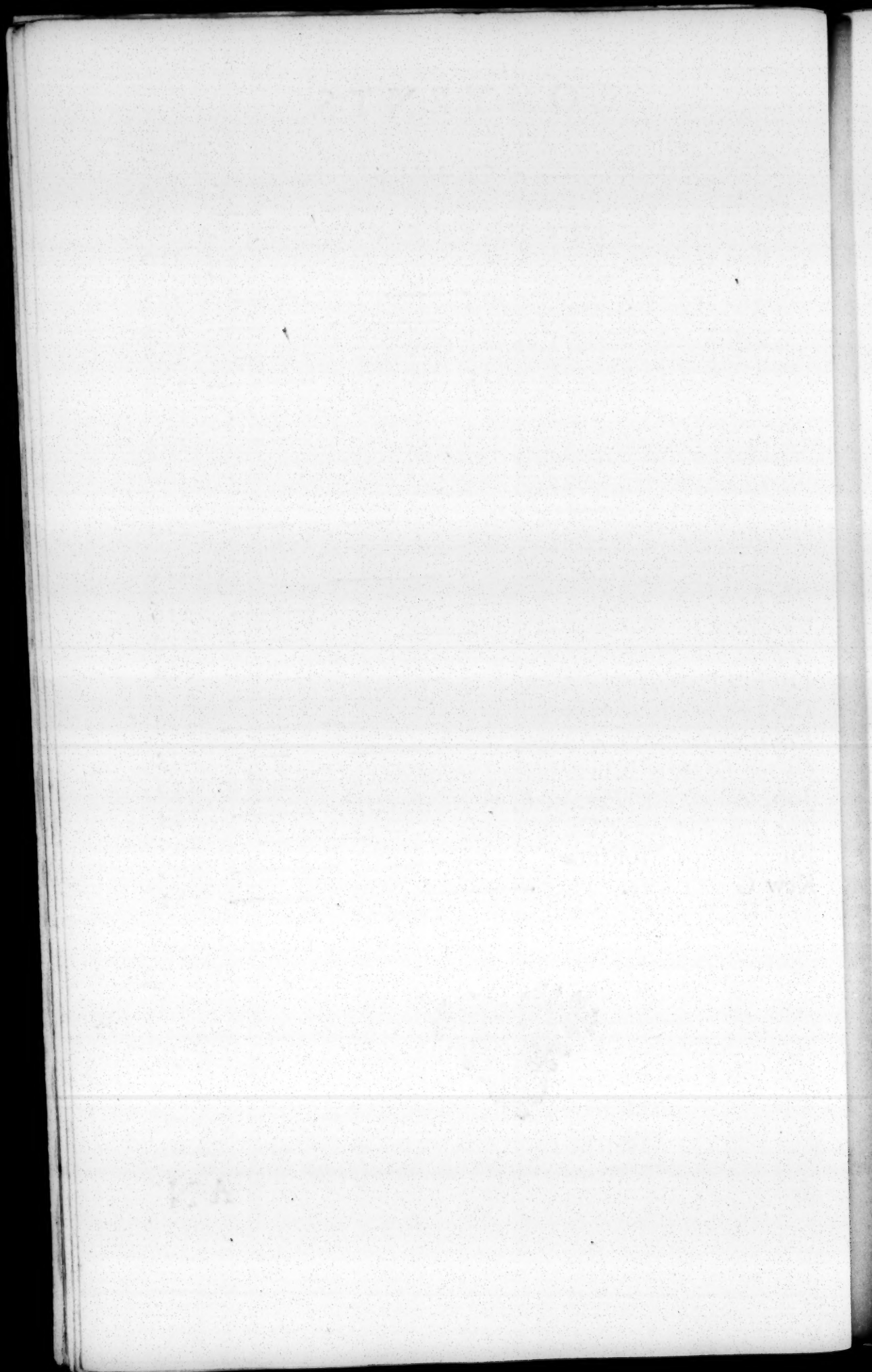
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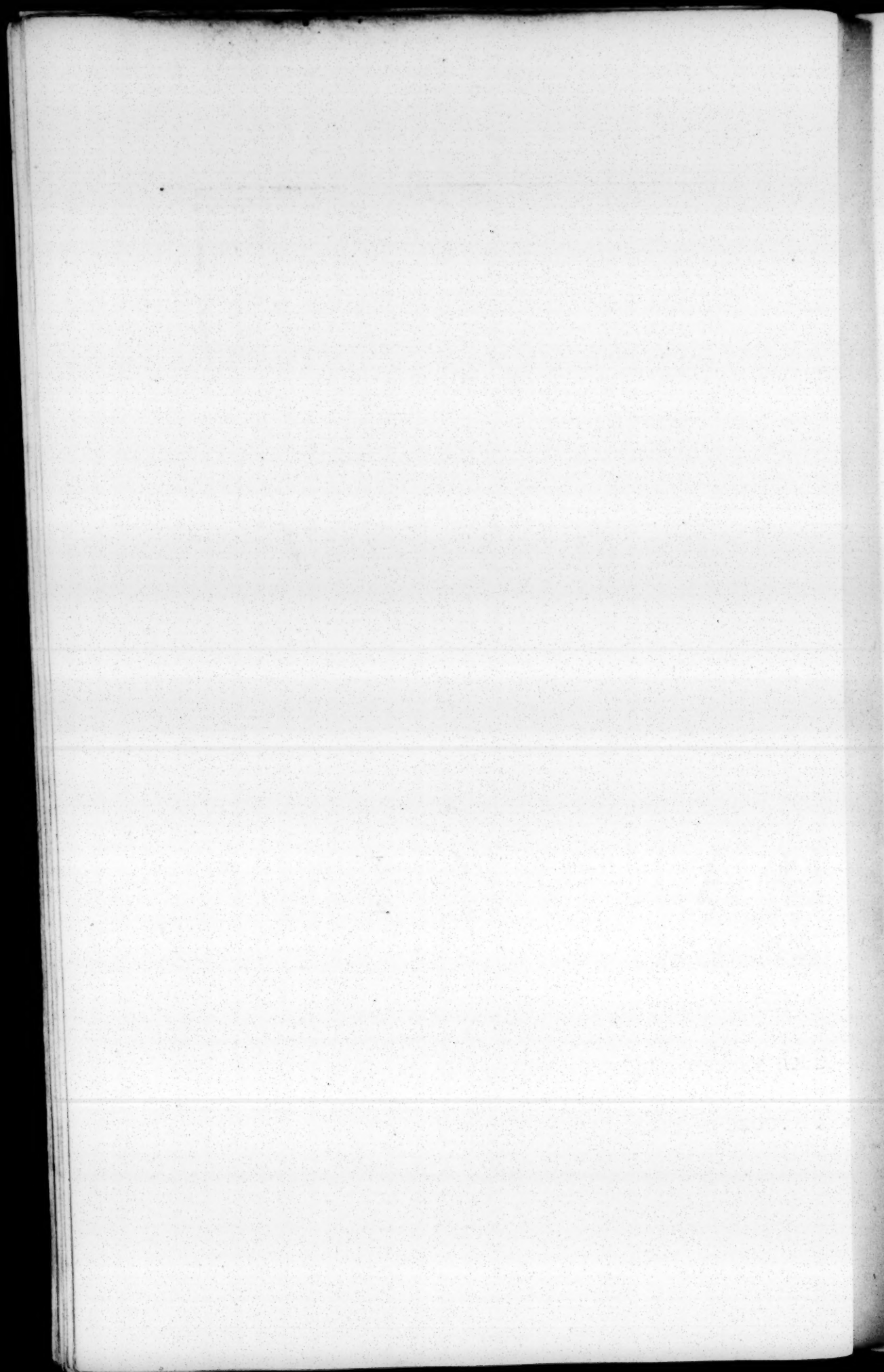


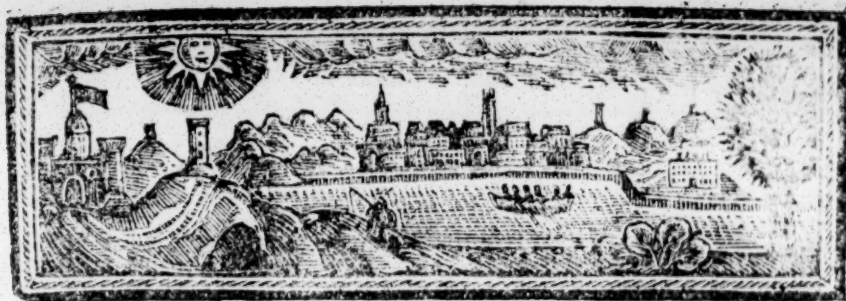
A N

E S S A Y

O N

P A I N T I N G.





A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A I N T I N G.



O call the long past Ages back to view,
To make each Act of old for ever New,
To bid each Breast with fancy'd Sorrows
groan,

Or feel the force of Transports, not its own :

Each various Passion of the Soul to move,

To rouse to War, or sink it into Love ;

For this the Poet strikes the founding Strings,
For this its Aid th' informing Pencil brings :
To the charm'd Ear the rapt'rous Poet speaks,
Strong on the Eye the Painter's Language breaks ;
A Language, not to one small Land confin'd,
But speaking to the Sense of all Mankind.

Inventive Love first taught a tender Heart
The Infant Traces of the Pencil's Art ;
* A Nymph in Tears for her departing Swain,
Bid something of the much-lov'd Form remain ;
Inspir'd by Love th' ingenious Fair began,
And from a deep-cast Shadow sketch'd the Man.
Each well reflected Part with Care design'd,
To help th' Idea's of her am'rous Mind.

* A Nymph, *Corynthia* of *Sicyon*. *Plin. Nat. Hist.*

From these small Hints the dawning Science sprung,
Improv'd by Time, and by degrees grew strong.
From thee, fair *Greece*, the sweet Invention came,
Thy Children's Breasts receiv'd the noble Flame.
They, greatly fir'd, pursu'd the first Design,
With Care improv'd the imitating Line ;
Bid each kind Colour its Assistance lend,
Each various Herb its well-dy'd Juices send,
To tell the Thoughts that swell'd each Master's Breast
Nor cou'd, but by the Pencil, be express'd.

Then those, whom e're Poetick Warmth had fir'd,
Became with Pow'rs, 'till then unknown, inspir'd,
And found the Force of Colours cou'd prevail,
Where all the Energy of Words must fail.

Hence first the Race of *Saturn* grew ador'd,
And *Greece* with new-born Deities was stor'd ;

The potent Pencil gave each God his Air,
Hence *Jove* grew terrible, and *Venus* fair.
Had not *Apelles* drawn the rising Maid,
She still conceal'd beneath the Waves had laid ;
Her ev'ry Beauty to his Hand is due,
He gave her Charms the *Cestus* never knew.

Thy Fame, great *Zeuxis*, too the Muse wou'd tell ;
On thine, *Parrhasius*, with Delight wou'd dwell ;
But Grief forbids the Masters Skill to praise,
Whose Works are lost to these remoter Days.
Nor yet consum'd by all devouring Age,
But a sad Prey to War, and Gothic Rage.

Long lay the Arts by barb'rous Force o'er-turn'd ;
Apollo wept, and all the Muses mourn'd.
Statues, that faithful had preserv'd the Fame
Of each great Warrior's Act, or Patriot's Name,

Fell to some brutal Peasant's Ax a Prey,
 Or sadly moulder'd unobserv'd away.
 Nor ought avail'd disdainful *Marius* Frown,
 Nor *Cæsar's* Sword, nor learned *Tully's* Gown.
 Thick Wounds again pierc'd the Dictator's Breast,
 Again the Pleader fell, by Slaves oppress'd.
 The Pencil's Labours too were all defac'd,
 Each Colour blotted, and each Act eras'd,
 No more th' expressive Canvas cou'd explain
 Th' *Egyptians* Smiles, or *Herod's* fierce Disdain;
 No more the well united Colours speak
 Young *Ammon's* graceful Brow, or fair *Campaspe's* Cheek.
 Long *Europe*, thus by Gothic Pow'r oppress'd,
 The sad effects of Ignorance confess;
 Nor ever warm'd by Learning's kindly Ray,
 Wrapt in *Cimmerian* Night dejected lay.

Some Stars at last, with Influence benign
 Some happier Beams of Light began to shine.

By slow degrees her Head fair Science rear'd,
 And waking Arts the lazy Darkneſs chear'd.
 Some Works of old, that buried long had laid
 In Earth's dark Womb, or *Tyber's* oozy Bed,
 By lucky Accident to light were brought,
 With all the Charms of antient Sculpture fraught.
 A poliſh'd Statue here the Cave reveal'd,
 And there a fair *Relievo* lay conceal'd ;
 Here a ſoft *Venus* ſcatter'd Smiles around,
 And there a luſty Gladiator frown'd :
 Here *Hymen's* Torch the Nuptial Chamber grac'd,
 And there the mournful Pile in Marble blaz'd.

From theſe great Patterns then each gen'rous Mind
 The Riſe of long neglected Arts deſign'd :
 * *Cimabué* firſt purſu'd the happy Thought,
 The Pencil's Touch, and aiding Colours brought,

* *Cimabué* born at *Florence*, 1230, died 1300.

Follow'd th' Idea's of the Sculptor's Breast,
And in soft Paint the mimick Stone exprest.

To his re-animating Hand is due
Whate'er or *Michael* thought, or *Titian* drew ;
From this great Fountain of the Art we trace
Romano's bold Design, and *Raphael's* matchless Grace.

As o'er the Field *Cimabue* thoughtless stray'd,
Watching his Flock, a rustick Boy was laid,
And as the Sheep pass'd by in wanton Play,
To pass the tedious Hours 'till Noon away,
He sketch'd their Shapes, express'd their curling Wool,
And drew their various postures with a Coal.
The Master stopp'd, the Boy with Care he view'd,
And saw the Lines were just, the Strokes were good ;
He took him home, with kindly Warmth increas'd
The native Fire that glow'd within his Breast.

'Till the bright Sparks produc'd a lasting Flame,
And *Europe* gloried in * *Giotto's* Fame.

Hence fair and vigorous the Science grew,
And each Day onward to Perfection drew ;
Swift over *Italy's* fair Clime it went,
And spread with Lustre thro' the Continent.
The Masters now with studious Care design'd
The bright Idea's springing in their Mind ;
With Prudence curb'd each else too fiery Thought,
Each Stroke, each Line to just Proportion brought ;
And with the Fierceness of Poetick Fire
Bid Rules of strict Geometry conspire.
'Thro' Nature first they look'd with piercing Eyes,
Whate'er she work'd on Earth, in Sea, or Skies,
With Care they treasur'd in their faithful Heart,
Then to their Aid they call'd the Pow'r of Art ;

* *Giotto*, born near *Florence*, 1276, died 1336.

Preserv'd each Charm that careless Nature taught,
 And banish'd from their Breast her ev'ry Fault,
 'Till finish'd Beauty rose at their Commands,
 And all her Works came perfect from their Hands.
 But to acquire a real Master's Name,
 To constitute a Painter's noble Frame,
 No Art, no Labour ever will suffice,
 If *Pallas* her auspicious Aid denies.
 'Tis Nature in the Breast implants the Ray,
 Art only feeds, and wakes it into Day.

The pregnant Fancy, and the swelling Breast,
 The great Conceptions scarce to be express'd,
 The sprightly Warmth of *Homer's* rapid Lines,
 The striking Force of *Angelo's* Designs,
 The Charms with which the *Mantuan* Diction glows,
 The Grace that from a *Guido's* Pencil flows,
 To *Jove's* great Favourites alone is given ;
 'Tis the *Promethean* Fire deriv'd from Heav'n ;

The Rays, that on *Egyptian Memnon* shone,
 And call'd the Sounds from out the Vocal Stone :
 A Warmth like this did * *Vinci's* Breast inspire,
 His Soul confess'd the animating Fire ;
 His happy Genius ev'ry Science own'd,
 His ev'ry Labour sweet Perfection crown'd.
 If to *Parnassus'* Top he bent his Eye,
Apollo smil'd, and ev'ry Muse was nigh ;
 With Nature's Ease his Verse harmonious flow'd,
 Bold was his Thought, and bright his Language glow'd :
 His tuneful Pipe each ravish'd Hearer charm'd,
 And ev'ry Heart his sprightly Viol warm'd.
 But when Ideas fill'd his lab'ring Breast
 Too strong to be by Words or Sounds exprest,
 His Pencil its all pow'rful Diction brought,
 Th' enliven'd Colours told the rapt'rous Thought ;

* *Leonard de Vinci*, born at the Castle of *Vinci*, 1445, died in *France*,
 1520.

The Canvas all its Master's Heart reveal'd,
 Nor one bright Ray of Fancy lay conceal'd.
 What Strength, what Force, attends his whole Design?
 What full Expression dwells in ev'ry Line?
 Such Energy the pow'rful Touches show,
 With such bold Eloquence the Colours flow,
 As ev'ry Passion of the Soul employ,
 Quick they dissolve in Grief, or swell with sudden Joy.

* See where with anxious Care, and Thought profound,
 The Holy Twelve their dying Lord surround;
 With awful Fear they take his last Commands,
 Lift up their pious Eyes, and trembling Hands;
 With strongest Terror and Surprise they hear:
 Him calmly talking of a Death so near.
 Grief mix'd with Rage indignant *Peter* burns,
 And sunk in Floods of Tears the lov'd Disciple mourns.

* A Picture of the last Supper, Drawn by *Leonard*, at *Milan*.

Who sees these well dissembled Forms, but shares
In all their Griefs, and justifies their Tears?

Who but discovers with disdainful Eyes
The Traitor *Judas*, midst his ill-feign'd Sighs?
Nor are the Strokes of deathful Treach'ry faint,
But strong the Villain glares thro' all the Paint.

Thus far the Master's potent Hand prevail'd,
Nor in his Style compleat Expression fail'd;
One Form alone unfinish'd yet remain'd,
One mighty Form his swelling Bosom strain'd.
Conscious the lab'ring Pencil ne'r cou'd tell
The Charms Divine, that in the Godhead dwell;
Imperfect that great Form he left alone,
Which *Luke* without an Angel ne'er had drawn.

Fair Science nurtur'd *Michael's* tender Heart,
And with his Milk he suck'd the Streams of Art;

With

With Infant Hands he form'd the rugged Stone,
And e'er the Man was ripe the Sculpture shone.
But how shall Words his Thoughts mature declare,
Whether he hangs the swelling Dome in Air,
Or plants the Columns beauteous Ranks beneath,
Or animates the Brass, or bids the Picture breath?
Rome by his matchless Works more splendid grew,
And Glory more than *Augustæan* knew;
Nor cou'd the fam'd *Rotunda's* Honour last,
By *Angelo's* strong Genius far surpass;
The Capitol restor'd with Graces shone,
That *Consuls* ne'er had seen, nor *Cæsars* known;
Nor this the only Source of *Michael's* Fame,
The Pencil too exalts his honour'd Name.
That which the harder Marble cou'd not reach,
He bad the temper'd Colours Softness teach;
With manly Force he bad each Line appear,
Bold were his Thoughts, and all his Strokes severe.

Exact

Exact, as Nature, ev'ry Limb he drew,
 Close knit the Bones, and firm the Sinews grew ;
 With lusty Strength replete each Muscle rose,
 And the full Veins the mantling Blood disclose.

* Lo! where the zealous Persecutor lies,
 O'erturn'd by Rays, swift darting from the Skies.
 See the mad Horses prance in wild Affright,
 And furious strive to shun the dazzling Light ;
 While all amaz'd the trembling Riders lay,
 Confounded with intolerable Day.
 From the fierce Blaze our weaken'd Eyes we turn,
 And, like Converted *Paul*, with Christian Ardours burn.

† But oh! what Eyes can unastonish'd bear
 The last great Judge triumphant in the Air,

* A Piece of St. *Paul's* Conversion, drawn by *Michael Angelo*, in the *Pauline Chapel* at *Rome*.

† The famous Day of Judgment, by *Michael Angelo*, in the *Pope's* Chapel at *Rome*.

While round his Throne obedient Angels stand,
 To execute their Lord's supreme Command?
 See the strong Colours lab'ring to explain
 The dreadful Glories of that fatal Scene:
 Their antient Forms the rising Atoms wear,
 And buried Nations waken into Fear.
 Here Tyrants weep the envy'd Sway they bore,
 And Monarchs curse the tempting Crowns they wore:
 The murd'ring Friend, and secret pois'ning Train,
 Shudd'ring with conscious Guilt, anticipate their Pain.
 The Griping Miser here, whose bolted Door
 Ne'er turn'd the Hinge, nor open'd to the Poor,
 Shrinks trembling from his Lord's indignant Brows,
 Nor one kind Gleam of healing Mercy knows.

The Pencils utmost Force these Forms declare,
 Anguish in all is seen, and deep Despair;
 On scorching Coals, and vengeful Flames they tread,
 And Clouds of Sulphur burst around their Head.

But Oh! how diff'rent flow the sprightly Lines,
 How all around diffusive Beauty shines,
 Where the just Few expect their happy Fate,
 And for their much lov'd Master's Mercy wait!
 Kings, that to Pow'r preferr'd their Peoples Good,
 Patriots, that for their Country gave their Blood,
 And those whose flowing Bounty scorn'd Restraint;
 Who dry'd the Widows Tears, and sooth'd the Orphans
 Plaint.
 Beyond learn'd Volumes can such Paint prevail,
 And *Michael's* Lessons move, where *Sherlock's* fail.

* At *Raphael's* Birth each happy Planet shone,
 And on his Cradle shed their Influence down.
 Round his young Paths attendant Graces play'd,
 And ev'ry Virtue lent the Boy its Aid.
 Softest Humanity inform'd his Mind,
 And in his Mien attracting Sweetness shin'd.

* *Raphael Sanzio*, born at *Urbino*, 1483, died at *Rome*, 1520.

Hail ! ye fair Piles of *Hampton's* happy Groves,
Which *Raphael's* Works adorn, and *Brunswick* loves.
What can or *Kensington's* fair Gardens show,
Where Art adds Charms to Natures verdant Brow ?
Or what do *Windsor's* lofty Turrets boast,
But match'd with *Raphael's* Paint, is faded all, and lost ?

Who sees the mighty Christian Pleader stand
With Look undaunted, and persuasive Hand,
But bows with *Athen's* Sons the list'ning Ear,
And each convicting Sentence seems to hear ?

See next the Wretch, whose Hardness dar'd withstand
The Saint inspir'd, and God's declar'd Command,
With sudden Clouds o'erspread, and wrapt in Night,
And vainly feeling for the banish'd Light :
The darken'd Balls exclude the wonted Ray ;
Nor can one stretching Nerve admit the Day.

The fatal Sentence ev'ry Eye approves,
Yet the sad Form each Breast with Pity moves.

Relentless Death, cou'd'st thou not stay the Dart,
That pierc'd the mighty *Raphael's* Youthful Heart ?
Cou'd'st thou not let that Sun's enliv'ning Ray
Fall gently down, and by Degrees decay,
Nor from his full Meridian plunge him down,
E're half the Course of Glory yet was Run ?
But well thy Wrongs his potent Hand repay'd,
By Thousands rescu'd from thy baleful Shade.
Saints, that in vain sent up the pious Vow ;
Monarchs, whose baffled Strength confess'd thy Blow ;
Aided by him, thy deepest Wounds survive,
And in his Colours act, and speak, and live ;
Preserv'd, 'till rolling Years shall bring the Day,
When Worlds shall fall, and dark'ning Stars decay.

Nor

Nor yet the Flames extinguish'd ceas'd to burn,
 Buried and lost, in *Raphael's* mournful Urn ;
 When from the Heav'ns Young *Castor* hasten'd down,
 With social Beams ascending *Pollux* shone.
 The rising Scions *Raphael's* Hand confest,
 And bloom'd with happy Growth in * *Julio's* Breast :
 His tow'ring Fancy mounted quick on high,
 And soar'd with Eagle Pinions to the Sky.
 His Breast *Apollo's* warmest Ray inspir'd,
 And fiercest Heat his strong Conception fir'd.
 His Thoughts like unresist'd Torrents flow'd,
 And his Design with *Pindar's* Fury glow'd.

† *Olympian Jove*, thy Heav'nly Throne defend,
 See rolling Mountains to thy Skies ascend :

* *Julio Romano*, born 1492, died 1546.

† The Battle of the Giants, painted by *Julio*, in the Palace of T.
 at Mantua.

In bold Rebellion sturdy *Titans* meet,
 And threat with Ruin thy Eternal Seat.
 Thy heav'nly Offspring fears the Danger nigh,
 And trembling Deities affrighted fly.
 But see! the God enrag'd, his Arrows show'rs,
 And on their Heads his angry Light'ning pours.
 Lo! where the vengeful Thunders seem to roll ;
 Swift burst the Clouds, and trembles either Pole.
 Nor can our Eye the Terrors long sustain,
 We fly, and almost feel the Giants Pain.

But oh ! what soothing Pleasure fills our Eyes,
 What soft Ideas in our Bosom rise ;
 When * *Titian's* Stroke the mellow Colours blends,
 And glowing Warmth his ev'ry Touch befriends ?
 Of its soft Blue he robb'd the Ev'ning Sky,
 And stripp'd the Rainbow of its various Dye ;

* *Titiano Vecelli*, born at *Cadore* in *Friuli* 1447, died 1476.

Gather'd the Red that fills the blushing Rose,
And caught the charming White with which the Snow-Drop
blows :

He knew the Social Colours to unite,
Nor e'er with jarring Atoms hurt the Sight ;
But so the Lights and friendly Shades dispos'd,
All Nature in the Mixture stood disclos'd:
The Flow'rs with Native Lustre deck'd were seen,
And Arbours smil'd with more than Vernal Green ;
The flowing Vestments hung with easy Grace,
And human Softness play'd in ev'ry Face.

Oh ! whence so forcefully can Colours charm ?
Whence has a lifeless Mass such Pow'r to warm ?

* The downy Swan here pants on *Leda's* Breast,
And each soft yielding Feather seems compress'd ;
While there *Europa* on her Bull convey'd,
Shrinks from the rising Waves, and crys for Aid.

* Loves of the Gods painted by *Titian*. The Originals are at her Grace the Dutchess of *Marlborough's* at *Bleinheim*.

For *Danae* here *Jove* leaves his Heav'nly Tow'r,
Nor can the Maid resist the golden Show'r ;
While *Phæbus* there in vain pursues his Fair,
Quick shoot the Laurel Leaves, and mock his eager Care.

Thy Fame to Ages, *Titian*, fix'd shall stand,
And unborn Nations praise thy happy Hand.
Worn out by Years the strong-built Palace falls,
Perish the Tow'rs, and sink the stately Walls ;
Broken the monumental Marble lies,
Decays the bending Arch, and lofty Column dies :
But ne'er shall Time thy noble Works deface,
Each annual Period lends to them a Grace.
Cent'ries but serve to make thy Paint more warm,
And Ages hence thy Colours more shall charm.
Oh ! had Rebellion never rais'd her Head,
When Havock rag'd, and madding *Britons* bled,
When the lewd Populace usurp'd Command,
And more than *Gothic* Fury fill'd the Land,

The Product of thy Hand we yet had own'd,
And conqu'ring * *Cæsars* still in *Britain* frown'd.

With grand Ideas, † *Paulo*, swell'd thy Breast,
And all thy Strokes their Master's Mind confest ;
Unbounded Freedom dwelt in thy Design,
And Force inimitable fill'd thy Line.
The Cloth with beauteous Piles thy Pencil grac'd,
Swell'd the broad Arch, and less'ning Column rais'd.
The soft Volute in mimick Marble roll'd,
And form'd the gay *Corinthian* Leaf in Gold.
The gaudy Banquet oft thy Paint exprest,
And the rich Colours told the sumptuous Feast,
With massy Plate the bending Shelves are stor'd,
And glitt'ring Vases speak their wealthy Lord.

* The Twelve *Cæsars*, drawn by *Titian*, were lost in the Civil Wars of *England*.

† *Paulo Cagliari Veronese*, born at *Verona*, 1530, died 1588.

With prosp'rous Light the Nuptial Torches burn,
Diffus'dly blazing from their golden Urn :
The smiling Guests their happy Hour employ,
And ev'ry Face displays the bridal Joy.

* But Oh ! how greatly blest'd the Marriage Board,
Where humbly sat the World's Almighty Lord !
Unknown, partaking of the common Feast,
'Till Miracles declar'd the mighty Guest.

Ye harden'd few, who dare these Facts deny,
On *Paulo's* Colours fix th' attentive Eye,
See his bold Strokes the mighty Work proclaim,
And forc'd to Truth your Unbelief disclaim.

* The Marriage of *Cana* in *Galilee*, painted by *Paulo* in the Refectory of *St. George* at *Venice*.

Where-e'er * *Baffano*'s Labours greet our Eyes,
Delightful Scenes of rural Nature rise.
The ready Trees spring up at his Command,
And spreading Leaves grow green beneath his Hand :
His Pencil darts the scorching Noon-day Beam,
Or o'er the Canvas rolls the cooling Stream,
While on its Edges nods the trembling Reed,
And the strong Peasant mows the neighb'ring Mead.
There the fair Flock o'er shelving Mountains stray,
While in the Vale the sporting Lambkins play.
See where the stately Heifer seems to low,
And the fierce Bull contracts his angry Brow,
While the blith Damsel milks her Ev'ning Cow.
Here well describ'd the lab'ring Horse is seen,
Dragging the heavy Load a-cross the Green,
While unregarding of his useful Pains
The surly Carter wounds his stretching Veins.

* *Giacomo Bassano*, born 1510, died 1592.

By *Bassan's* Pow'r fresh Greens delight the Eye,
 When raging *Sirius* rules the burning Sky ;
 Aided by him we gaze on blooming Flow'rs,
 While all its Storms the cold *Aquarius* show'rs ;
 See yellow Harvests nod amidst the Snow,
 And fragrant Chaplets on *December* blow.

How far the Force of Nature cou'd prevail,
 * *Correggio's* sweetly soften'd Colours tell.
 Untutor'd Beauties fill'd his happy Heart,
 His Breast the only Source of all his Art.
 His Notions sweet, and all his Thoughts were mild,
 And soft Conceptions thro' his Fancy smil'd.
 No shocking Scene his Pencil e'er explain'd,
 Nor e'er with Blood his Virgin Tints were stain'd.

* *Antonio da Correggio*, born at *Correggio* in *Modena*, 1473, died 1513.

A Worth innate fill'd each * *Caracci's* Mind,
 By happy Parentage together join'd ;
 With social Arts the Knot more firm they ty'd,
 Still closer in their Souls than Blood ally'd.
 Each boldly touch'd the Canvas into Life,
 And Virtue only warm'd the noble Strife.
 The Labours of the one each other prais'd,
 Nor Envy gen'rous Emulation rais'd.
 But as when full against the Noon-day Sky
 Th' instructing Eagles teach their Young to fly,
 Tho' arm'd with native Strength all bear the Ray,
 And strive to stem the blazing Tide of Day,
 Yet one with stronger Pinion soars above,
 And mounts still nearer to the Throne of *Jove* ;

* *Ludovico Caracci*, born at *Bologna*, 1555, died 1618, was Uncle and Master to *Augustino Caracci*, born 1557, died 1605, and *Annibal Caracci*, born 1560, died 1609. These great Men founded the famous Academy of the *Caracci's* at *Bologna*.

O'er him the Parent's fondest Cares prevail,
 And their applauding Wings the genuine Eaglet hail.
 Thus *Hannibal* the stretching Wing displaid,
 And o'er the rest with Strength superior fled ;
 Search'd ev'ry Fountain of the mighty Art,
 Their Treasures stor'd in his capacious Heart,
 And unconfin'd excell'd in ev'ry Part.
 With great Ideas was his Bosom fraught,
 Copious, sublime, and regular his Thought ;
 Lofty and free, yet just was his Design,
 Glowing his Colours, yet correct his Line.

With Heat like *Homer's* swell'd *Caracci's* Breast,
Ovidian Softness * *Guido's* Stroke exprest :
 His graceful Airs the Soul so sweetly move,
 As melt each Gazer's Heart, dissolv'd to Love.

* *Guido Reni*, commonly call'd, *il Guido*, born at *Bologna*, 1574.
 died 1640.

Struck with Surprise we view th' unreal Charms,
 And a false Fire our cheated Fancy warms.
 See * *Paris* bears away the willing Maid,
 And thinks the Prize of Beauty well repaid.
 Nor were Ten tedious Summers spent in vain,
 A Nymph like *Guido's Helen* to regain.
 What moving Strokes the beauteous Sorrow trace,
 That fills deserted *Ariadne's* Face?
 How soft her Cheek, how flows her curling Hair?
 Cou'd *Theseus* faithless prove to one so fair?
 But, see, the weeping Nymph young *Bacchus* spies,
 And hastens to her with a Lover's Eyes.
 False *Theseus'* Wrongs his kinder Smiles repay,
 Gently he wipes her falling Tears away.
 Nor cou'd the coldest Fair his Mien withstand,
 Flush'd with the Grace that flows from *Guido's* Hand.

* The Rape of *Helen*, drawn by *Guido* for the King of *Spain*, but afterwards fell into the Hands of Mr. *Vrilliere*, Secretary to *Louis XIV.*

In * *Ruben's* Breast luxuriant Greatness dwelt,
 The Muses strongest Influence he felt ;
 Impetuous Heat his swelling Bosom fir'd,
 And copious Energy his Line inspir'd.
 If ever uncorrectly he design'd,
 'Twas but the Wildness of a noble Mind,
 In too strict Limits not to be confin'd.
 How warm his Pencil moves, his Colours speak,
 How just his various Masses join or break !
 In what full Light the nearer Forms are laid,
 While those retire amidst the less'ning Shade !
 His sumptuous Paint the Pomp of *Spain* befriends,
 And Lustre to the proud *Escurial* lends.
 Nought can the *Louvre's* wide Façade display,
 In thy fair Walks, *Versailles*, no Graces play
 Like those sweet Charms that *Ruben's* Hand supplies,
 Where *Luxembourg's* more happy Tow'rs arise.

* Sir *Peter Paul Rubens*, born at *Cologne*, 1577, died 1640.

Lo! where in Air the anxious Fates are seen,
 Meas'ring the Life of *Gallia's* future Queen.
 Attendant Graces round the Infant play,
 And o'er the *Medicean Venus* stray ;
Minerva's Self instructs the rising Maid,
 Destin'd her Fav'rite Conqueror to wed.
 Lo! where the youthful King his Fair receives,
 And in the Paint all *Bourbon* still survives.
 In each bold Stroke we strongly see design'd
 Each glorious Virtue of the Hero's Mind.
 With pleasing Wonder on the Form we gaze,
 And give him all a gen'rous Warriour's Praise,
 The Pencil in our Minds his Acts renews,
 Our Fancy all his great Designs pursues,
 Wages 'gainst *Guise* imaginary War,
 And joins in all the Triumphs of *Navarre*.

Nor by the Pencil only were exprest,
Th' extensive Pow'r of *Rubens*' happy Breast.
With Honour deck'd, he went to distant Lands
To execute his Monarch's great Commands.
Successful Peace his faithful Labours crown'd,
And jarring States his Mediation own'd :
With Pleasure Kings his happy Genius prov'd,
Honour'd the Envoy, and the Painter lov'd.
With Glory, *Charles*, he own'd thy lib'ral Heart,
Well knew thy Judgment to reward Desert.
With critick Eyes thou view'dst the Painter's Line,
Scanning with just Attention his Design :
On ev'ry Beauty fix'dst th'admiring Eye,
And set'st displeas'd the faulty Canvas by.
With Care preserv'dst what antient Masters drew,
And with thy royal Bounty warm'dst the new.

Thy

Thy gen'rous Soul thy large Rewards confest,
And well-plac'd Bounty spoke thy happy Taste.

* *Vandyke* at thy Persuasion blest our Isle,
And bad new Arts on happy *Britain* smile :
His youthful Hand instructing *Rubens* form'd,
And thy Munificence his Fancy warm'd.
And well his grateful Strokes thy Bounty pay,
Preserv'd by him thy Form shall ne'er decay.
Still amiable in his Colours stands
Thy Majesty secure from Traitor's Hands.
The soften'd Grandeur of thy Brow we view,
And curse th' unsatiate, bloody, Rebel-Crew.

* *Anthony Vandyke*, born in *Antwerp*, 1599, settled afterwards in *England*, where he was Knighted by King *Charles I.* married a Daughter of the Lord *Ruthuen*, Earl of *Ghorre*; died in *London*, 1685, and lies buried in *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

What Lustre still his potent Pencil lends,
 To the fair Worth of thy illustrious Friends !
 Well is each gen'rous Form, each noble Name,
 In his strong Paint consign'd to endless Fame.
 His Strokes disclose each Hero's loyal Thought,
 Shew with what Courage ev'ry Breast was fraught,
 And with what Ardour for their King they fought.
 The venal Pen may falsify Renown,
 And give to Warriours Glory not their own ;
 But *Vandyke's* Colours nought but Truth declare,
 His honest Pencil writes them as they were.
 Here may we see a *Falkland's* Thought exprest,
 Hence guess what Valour dwelt in *Lindsey's* Breast.
 Here still we view the warm ungovern'd Fire,
 That did impetuous *Rupert's* Soul inspire ;
 Hence learn what Title *Compton* had to Fame,
 And what sure Virtue waits on *Candish's* Name,

Here

Here too we see the heav'nly Forms that mov'd
 Those Heroes Hearts, and view the Fair they lov'd.
 See Charms like those that *Queenberry* now grace,
 And Beauties blooming still in *Sidney's* Race.
 Happy the Stroke! that equally can speak
 The Warriour's Frown, and Virgin's blushing Cheek,
 That tells the various Effects that fly
 From the stern Brow, or softly melting Eye;
 That ev'ry Passion of the Soul befriends,
 Wakes into Action, or to Languor bends.

Hail, brightest Art, fair Goddess PAINTING, hail!
 Whose happy Influence can so far prevail!
 With prosp'rous Rays on fair *Britannia* shine,
 Join'd to thy Sisters, the harmonious Nine.
 Aided by thee, a stronger Force they bring,
 Rise more sublime, and sprightlier tune the String.
 Blended in fair Society ye live,
 And mutual Lustre to each other give.

Th' Ex-

Th' Expression only does the diff'rence make,
In Words the Poet paints, in Colours Painters speak.
When Wars of old in *Homer's* Verse we read,
Or *Virgil's* Pen explains some mighty Deed ;
When fierce *Achilles* treads the sanguine Plain,
Or good *Aeneas* stems the boist'rous Main ;
When *Ajax* thunders at the *Trojan* Walls,
When youthful *Pallas*, or fierce *Heſtor* falls,
Quick to our View their various Toils arise,
And *Julio's* Pencil all their Forms supplies.
Such Charms we ſee as mov'd the *Pthian* Boy,
And ten long Years deferr'd the Fall of *Troy*.
Priam's grey Hairs we ſee, and *Helen's* Charms,
Ulyſſes' Bow, and *Glaucus'* golden Arms.
Theſe in the faithful Paint are all display'd,
Nor truer were on *Carthage's* Walls pourtray'd.
Again *Aeneas* might with Wonder gaze
On *Pyrrhus'* Rage, and *Ilium's* fatal Blaze.

Nor thou, young *Ammon*, weep thy hapless Fate,
 Whose Deeds no strong *Mæonian* Verse relate.
 Nor think *Achilles* shall exceed thy Fame,
 Tho' *Homer's* Song immortaliz'd his Name.
 With equal Laurels shall thy Brow be crown'd,
 So great a Guardian has thy Glory found ;
Le Brun's free Stroke thy Valour still displays,
 And on thy Acts we still with Wonder gaze.
 The swelling *Granicus* still purple flows,
 Nor can its Tide thy stronger Arms oppose.
Darius still shrinks from thy dreadful Frown,
 And captive Queens thy smiling Mercy own :
 Nations, thy Sword ne'er knew, revere thy Name,
 And Worlds, thou wep'st to find, proclaim thy Fame.

Thus Ages hence some happy Stroke may tell,
 How *Britain* conquer'd, and proud *Gallia* fell.

Some future Hand, with *Julio's* Vigour fir'd,
With great *Le Brun's* or *Verrio's* Warmth inspir'd,
May to our wond'ring Successors declare
Great *Nassau's* Strength, and *Churchill's* Thought in War:
Show how *Namur* in Ruins smoaking lay,
How *Marlb'rough* forced at *Blaregnies* his Way ;
How *Brunswick* flesh'd his Maiden Sword in Blood,
And *Chæronæa's* Field at *Oudenard* renew'd.





Norwich Assembly,
OR, THE
Descent of *V E N U S.*



ORFOLK's proud *Villa*'s now were left,
Each of its fav'rite Nymphs bereft :
While happy *Norwich* saw the Fair,
In Crouds to its tall *Dôme* repair.

The Swains too thither fly with Speed,
For Beauty where it will can lead.

And now the Ranks of various Mien,
Forming the sprightly Dance are seen :

Each

Each Swain by motion graceful grows,
Each Nymph with heighten'd Beauty glows ;
A thousand various Ways they move,
And emblematically love.
The Nymph now flies with coy Disdain,
While eagerly pursues the Swain ;
And now the churlish Swain with Care,
Runs from the tender suing Fair.

This *Venus* from *Olympus* spies,
(For Goddesses have piercing Eyes ;)
And down she comes, resolv'd to know,
What Joys from mortal Dancing flow.
But in deep Thought sometime she stood,
(Cover'd, observe ye ! in a Cloud :
The same which once *Aeneas* wore,
Shipwreck'd on good Queen *Dido's* Shore.)

Debating which Nymps Form to wear,
In which she might *Incog.* appear,
For all she lik'd where all were Fair.



And first two beauteous Forms were seen
Of equal Charms, but diff'rent Mien :
Each might the Golden Fruit have gain'd,
Yet Each by *Venus* was disdain'd.
Nor cou'd the jealous Goddesses e'er,
A Form so like her Rival's bear.
'Twas the Majestick *Juno's* Mien
Made *Berney* scorn'd by Beauty's Queen ;
And St. *Clair's* ev'ry sprightly Look,
The Goddess with Confusion struck ;
While in each Sentence of the Fair
The hated *Pallas* grates her Ear.

Then throwing round her busy Eyes,
Sidney's all potent Charms she spies.

And

There ev'ry Pow'r was lodg'd to please,
And Grandeur sweetly join'd to Ease.
Her Eyes with killing Light'nings shone,
Dissealing Smiles around were thrown :
Such perfect Beauty grac'd the Dame,
A richest Fancy ne'er cou'd Frame :
Beyond a Muses Pow'r to tell,
In which e'en *Prior's* Pen might fail ;
Which soft *Bernini* ne'er cou'd reach,
Nor *Titian's* warmest Colours teach.

This *Venus* saw, nor cou'd repine,
Her Charms Celestial to resign
For such a Form — yet still around
Her Eyes she cast, and many found
Equally Bright : For there was seen
Another *Berney's* foster Mien.

Their

There *Warner*, ever beauteous Maid,
Her op'ning Morn of Charms displaid :
Muse, strike with sweeter Touch the Lyre,
When *Warner* does thy Strains require.
Harmonious Fair, whose tuneful Hand,
By Charms unaided, cou'd command
The ravish'd Soul but while my Mind
On *Warner's* Beauties is inclin'd,
Poor *Venus* was almost forgot,
Who now repenting of her Plot,
And jealous of her Darling Fame,
(For from the Skies that Passion came)
Resolv'd she wou'd each Nymph excell,
And bear in Triumph Home the Bell.
Reviewing then each lovely Maid,
Thus to herself at length she said ;
“ Thrice happy *Norfolk*, Nymphs like thine
“ 'Tis *Venus* only can out-shine.

“ Wou'd

“ Wou’d I thy foremost Honours wear,
 “ In my own Form I must appear.

Then soon dispell’d the Cloud was gone,
 And all reveal’d the Goddess shone :
 Each Heart confess’d the *Paphian* Dame ;
 But *Morden* was on Earth her Name.



The Two STATUES;

A FABLE.



IN Days of Yore a *Grecian* State,
 On a proud Temple’s utmost Height,
 Which was to great *Minerva* rais’d,
 Resolv’d a Statue should be plac’d,
 Expressive of the Virgin’s Charms,
 Compleat in Beauty and in Arms.

Two Masters then of Rival Fame,
 In Sculpture each a *Phidias*, came ;
 And to them thus the Senate said :
 “ By Each a Statue shall be made ;
 “ And he, whose nicer Hand excells,
 “ Whose happier Art the Publick tells ;
 “ A Golden Talent shall receive,
 “ Besides the Joys that Fame can give.
 “ But he, whose vanquish’d Hand shall fail,
 “ Disgrace alone shall pay his Toil.
 Each then with equal Hopes began,
 Inspir’d by Glory and by Gain,
 Compleat the Work with utmost Care :
 They to the Temple straight repair,
 And in the Portico are plac’d
 The Marbles, variously grac’d :
 While from the Crouds admiring Eyes
 Each anxious Master waits the Prize.

The

The one each Soul with Pleasure struck ;
On that all Eyes directed Look.
Ten Thousand Charms adorn the Piece,
The Waste grew beautifully less ;
With happy Roundings swell'd the Breast,
And Art Divine each Stroke confest :
With such bright Lightnings flash'd the Eyes,
As ne'er had lost the Golden Prize.
Charms o'er each Attitude were thrown,
And Harmony inform'd the Stone.
From t'other wretched Piece with Scorn
And Indignation mix'd they turn ;
The aukward, rough, unpolish'd Stone,
Scarce seem'd the Chiffel's Touch to own.
The Eyes with clumsy Largeness glar'd ;
The Face was masculinely hard :
The wretched Sculptor they despis'd,
And undisputed thought the Prize.

The Artist stood attentive by,

Sedate his Mind, and fix'd his Eye.

But calm at length the Silence broke,

And to the murm'ring People spoke.

“ Hold, hold, Good Folks, not quite so fast,

“ Nothing is gain'd by too much haste.

“ Pray, Neighbours, was this Statue made,

“ Here in the Church Porch to be laid,

“ Or to be plac'd upon the Steeple?

“ There let them both be try'd, good People;

“ And then let Brother *Phidias* see

“ Who's in the right, himself or me.

Up then with Speed both Ladies mount;

Gods! what a different Account?

The Statue e'rst so much desir'd,

By ev'ry Eye so much admir'd;

In vain its curious Strokes displays,

Surpriz'd its old Admirers gaze,

E

While

While to the distant failing Eyes
Each Feature's lost, each Beauty dies.
The other now by Distance grac'd,
And in its Light intended plac'd ;
With Beauties shines, till then unknown ;
And looks with Air Majestick down.
The Shield a regular Orb displays,
The Snakes in just Proportion blaze :
And the whole fills the gazing Eye
With Splendors worthy of the Sky.

*To judge aright in ev'ry Case,
Let each Thing hold its proper Place.*





T H E

Rose and the Butterfly ;

A F A B L E.



IN a fair Garden's various Wild,

A Rose there stood of beauteous Hue,

Of Aspect beautifully mild :

And deck'd with Gems of Morning Dew.

A gilded Butterfly sat nigh,

And softly breath'd his am'rous Prayer ;

And with a well adapted Sigh

Persuaded soon the blushing Fair.

(For the far Happier Insect kind,

Are thus with Joys untainted blest,

No Marriage Deeds their Nuptials bind,
Their Torch they light without a Priest.)

Oh ! ever faithful may'tt thou prove,
The yielding Vegetable cry'd :
Ruin attend my lessen'd Love,
The glitt'ring Bridegroom straight reply'd.

With full Possession blest he was,
Then clapp'd his Wings and careless fled,
O'er each untasted Flow'r he strays,
Nor Turns but with the length'ning Shade.

And's this your boasted Truth and Love ?
The Rose with scornful Blushes said,
Thus faithful do you Gallants prove,
To ev'ry too believing Maid ?

I saw thee, Traytor, as thou art,
Roam o'er each Bed of various Hue ;

And

And Kisses to each Flow'r impart,
Which only to thy Rose were due.

The simple Violet cou'd please,
Dark as she is, thy changing Taste :
Nay, e'en the smelling tub'rose Leaves
By you in common were embrac'd.

What can th' insipid Tulip fill,
That such an eager Kifs bespeaks ?
Or how the pale Jonquil excell
The ruddy Damask of these Cheeks ?

Hast thou enough betray'd thy Vows,
Perfidious, art thou yet content ?
Or must I still my faithless Spouse
In wretched Solitude lament ?

She said, and dropp'd a silent Tear ;
When thus the Butterfly begun,

Your Accufation's true, my Dear,

The Crimes alledg'd, and more I own.

Yet, Madam, fure by you unblam'd,

Thefe short Excursions might have fleep :

For why fo facredly are nam'd

Vows which your felf fo ill have kept ?

I faw with what an eager Joy

Your ev'ry Odour you difplay'd ;

While o'er your Leaves the am'rous Boy

The wanton Zephyr lewdly ftray'd.

He fcarcely had my Honour ftain'd,

But your unfatiable Defire

Each Bee with Pleafure entertain'd ;

And quench'd each Hornet's glowing Fire.

Nay, not the piteous Negro-Fly,

Nor the Dwarf-Gnat cou'd you withftand ;

Each

Each vilest Insect of the Sky

Your fickle Temper cou'd command.

This Form each Curtain Lecture bears ;

And charg'd with Nymphs of private Cost,

My Lord 'gainst China Shops declares,

And Voles at once, and Virtue lost.



ON THE

STATUE of *Laocoon*,

At the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT
WALPOLE'S Seat, at *Houghton*, in
Norfolk.



HILST with a too officious Care

The Priest to save his Country strove ;

Offended *Pallas* frown'd severe,

And came in Vengeance from above.

E ♣

In

In sharpest Agonies, the Wretch

A dreadful Victim groaning lies ;

Yet this the pitying Goddess grants

That in the Punishment he dies.

Tho' fellest **Serpents** Poisons shoot,

And round his tortur'd Body cling ;

Yet e'en their Venom gives a Joy,

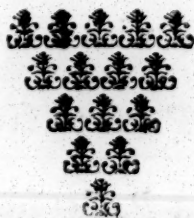
Since instant Death is in their Sting.

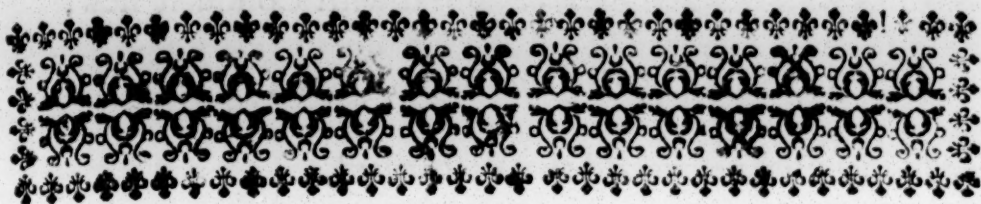
But the relentless Sculptor's Art

Anguish and Tears implor'd in vain ;

He bad the Wretch in Torments live,

And has Immortaliz'd his Pain.





To a *Young Lady*,

On her Recovery from the The Small-Pox.



IDST thousand bleeding Hearts, and sigh-
ing Swains,

And Crouds of Lovers groaning with thy
Chains ;

When with the sad Disease thou first wert seiz'd,

The Nymphs exulted, and the Swains seem'd pleas'd.

These from thy Arrows thought themselves secure,

And those insulted o'er thy blasted Pow'r.

But lo ! again their various Sorrows rise,

While keener Darts 'gin sparkle from thy Eyes :

Beauty restor'd more pow'rful thou dost prove ;

The Nymphs for Envy die, the Swains for Love.

Thus

Thus while young *Ammon* flush'd with Conquest flew,
 And to the trembling *Persians* nearer drew ;
 By sudden Sickness seiz'd the Victor laid,
Darius triumph'd, and the World was glad.
 But soon their Joys were spent, their Grief renew'd,
 And *Ammon*'s conqu'ring Course again pursu'd ;
 When by *Philippus*' potent Hand restor'd,
 He made the subject Nations know their Lord.



To the S A M E.

WEEP not, Fair Nymph, if of some Charms
 This cruel Sickness thee disarms.

Thou erring think'st thou art less bright ;
 Our diff'rent Grief will set thee right :
 Thou sigh'st for so much Beauty 'rest,
 We, that thou still hast so much left.

On the S T A T U E of V E N U S at *Cnidus*.

TOUCH'D into Life at *Cnidus*' sacred Shrine
The soften'd Marble glows with Charms Divine.

E'en *Venus* viewing it with Envy cries,
Had such bright Fires shot from *Minerva*'s Eyes,
Had *Juno* smil'd so soft, my-self had lost the Prize.



On the S A M E.

WHEN Virgin *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*,
To view this *Venus* left their Realms above ;
Struck with the charming Form aloud they Cry'd,
With Justice did the *Trojan* Boy decide.

I M I T A -



IMITATION of HORACE.

Lib. 2, Od. 5.

UNABLE yet the Yoak to bear,
Or fill the full Grown Female's Place,

To stand against the eager Bull's

Impetuous Weight, and strong Embrace;

The tender Heifer's early Bloom

Deep in thy thoughtful Heart is laid ;

While she the cooling Stream prefers ;

Or careless frisks along the glade.

Then thirst not for the ungrown Grape,

Which soon at rip'ning times command :

And taught by *Summer* Suns to swell,

Shall fill the Eye, and call the Hand.

Thou.

Thou, o'er thy Life's Meridian past,

Declin'ft with ev'ry fetting Sun ;

Her Charms each rolling Hour encrease,

And onward to Perfection run.

E're many Springs their Course have sped,

The now coy *Flora* in her Turn,

Repaying back thy softest Vows,

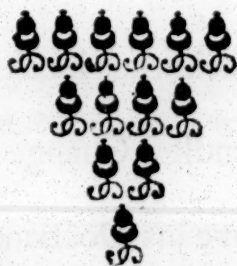
With Flames as strong as thine shall burn.

Then let the bright Idea reign,

Supreme of all thy Joys confest,

And know a Pow'r to Charm beyond

Or *Chloe's* Eye, or *Celia's* Breast.





To CÆLIA who gave me Her PICTURE.

WITH Joy, my Fair, I view th' enliven'd Paint,
And *Zinks* has happily thy Charms exprest ;

But oh ! the Strokes, the Colours all are faint

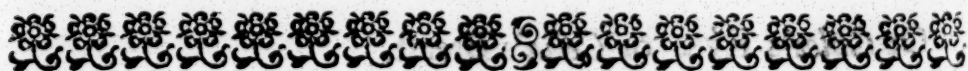
To thy dear Form imprinted on my Breast.

Thy absent Beauty that alone supplies,

Thence all my Pains, thence all my Pleasures spring :

So cou'd I too be present to thy Eyes,

Loves ev'ry Dart wou'd want the Pow'r to sting.



On the STATUE of *Pythagoras*.

SEE there ! who held that loos'd from breathless Man
The Soul thro endless Change of Being ran,

Now lives again to prove his Doctrine true,

In Form like that which won'dring *Samos* knew.

That

That penfive Brow scarce without Worship seen ;
Speaks the great lab'ring Something now within :
His Tongue too wou'd declare the rising Thought,
But deepest Meditation holds him Mute.



On R O M E.

QUICK let *Olympus*' massy Gates be barr'd,
And thou, great *Jove*, thy Throne celestial guard :
The Seas, and Earth, submit to *Roman* Chains,
And Heav'n alone yet unsubdu'd remains.



An Epigram, To Mr. —

YOUR Farms 'tis true, Sir, you enjoy alone,
Your House, your Money too, is all your own ;
Your Wines, your Meats, were tasted yet by no Man ;
Your Wife's the only Thing you have that's common.

To



T O a F R I E N D ;

On Riding some Miles out of the Way to
see M I S S. —

TELL me not, *Damon*, that I err,
Tho' thus misled I seem to thee,

The *Venus* Star directs my Course,

And prosp'rous must the Voyage be.

Or e'en suppose deceiv'd I roam,

My Soul no other Way can find ;

The Error sure may be excus'd,

The *Paphian* Boy, my Guide, is blind.

His Godship's Self in Days of yore,

As Poets tell us, went astray ;

And happy had his Error been,

If thus he could have lost his Way.

Poor *Venus* might have Sobb'd and Cry'd,
 And rang'd the Skies from Morn to Even ;
 Th' enchanted Boy had ne'er return'd,
 Nor miss'd his Mother nor his Heav'n.



To a L A D Y with *Parnell's* Poems.



N these sweet Lines for ever blended shine
 The sprightly Poet, and the strict Divine :
 Harmonious Truths these flowing Numbers
 teach

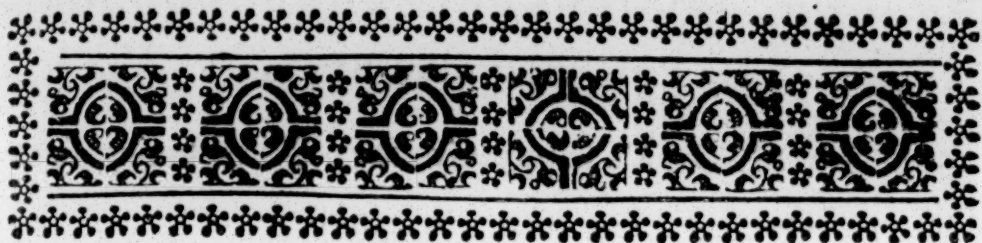
Which *Pope* might sing, or *Tillotson* might preach.
 Fair Woman's Charms the first smooth Lays compose,
 These too her thousand Vanities disclose ;
 If on the last too much the Poet dwells,
 He only says what antient *Hesiod* tells :

F

Surely

Surely he paints not Women as they're now,
But as they were three thousand Years ago,
Of which the brightest, strongest Proof art Thou,
While Thee we know, and read his venom'd Lines,
With what just Shades the beauteous Contrast shines?
Then onward as he bends his tuneful Strain,
Here jocund Tales, there serious Precepts reign.
With *Oberon* the sprightly Dance we share,
And feel the anxious Hermit's pious Care.
Thus in some River's variable Tide,
Murm'ring midst Stones here shallow Waters glide;
Till Strength and Depth collecting as they go,
There with a silent solemn Pace they flow.





BLEINHEIM, 1728.



A R E N T of Arts, whose skilful Hand
first taught

The tow'ring Pile to rise, and form'd the
Plan

With fair Proportion ; Articheft divine,

MINERVA ; Thee to my advent'rous Lyre

Assistant I invoke, that means to sing

BLEINHEMIA, Monument of *British* Fame,

Thy glorious Work ! For thou the lofty Tow'rs

Did'st to his Virtue raise, whom oft thy Shield

In Peril guarded, and thy Wisdom steer'd

Through all the Storms of War. — Thee too I call,

THALIA, *Sylvan* MUSE, who lov'd to rove
 Along the shady Paths and verdant Bow'rs
 Of *WOODSTOCK*'s happy Grove : There tuning sweet
 Thy rural Pipe ; while all the *Dryad* Train
 Attentive listen ; Let thy warbling Song
 Paint with melodious Praise the pleasing Scene,
 And equal these to *PINDUS*' honour'd Shades.

WHEN *EUROPE* freed, confess'd the saving Pow'r
 Of *Marlb'rough*'s Hand ; *BRITAIN* who sent him forth
 Chief of Confederate Hosts, to fight the Cause
 Of LIBERTY and JUSTICE, grateful rais'd
 This Palace, sacred to her Leader's Fame :
 A Trophy of Success ; with Spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd Towns, and glorying in the Name
 Of that auspicious Field, where *Churchill*'s Sword
 Vanquish'd the Might of *GALLIA*, and chastis'd
 Rebel *BAVAR*. — Majestick in its Strength

Stands the proud Dome, and speaks its great Design.
Hail happy Chief, whose Valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! Grateful Nation hail,
Who paid'st his Service with so rich a Meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The *Hero* or the *People*? Honour doubts,
And weighs their Virtues in an equal Scale.
Not thus *Germania* pays th' uncancell'd Debt
Of Gratitude to Us. — Blush, *CÆSAR*, blush,
When thou behold'st these Tow'rs, ingrate, to Thee
A Monument of Shame. Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an *English* Arm
Did for thy Throne that Day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy Guilt.
Steel thy obdurate Heart against the Sense
Of Obligation infinite, and know
BRITAIN like Heav'n, protects a thankless World
For her own Glory, nor expects Reward.

Pleas'd with the Noble Theme, her Task the MUSE
 Pursues untir'd, and through the Palace roves
 With ever-new Delight. The Tapistry rich
 With Gold, and gay with all the beauteous Paint
 Of various-colour'd Silks, dispos'd with Skill,
 Attracts her curious Eye. Here *Ister* rolls
 His purple Wave: And there the *Granick* Flood
 With passing Squadrons foams; here hardy *Gaul*
 Flies from the Sword of *BRITAIN*; there to *Greece*
 Effeminate *Persia* yields. — In Arms oppos'd
Marlb'rough and *Alexander* vie for Fame
 With glorious Competition; Equal both
 In Valour and in Fortune, but their Praise
 Be different, for with different Views they Fought;
 This to subdue, and That to free Mankind.

Now through the stately Portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer Glories turns, and seeks

The Woodland Shade, delighted. Not the Vale
Of TEMPE fam'd in Song, or IDA's Grove
Such Beauty boasts: Amid the Mazy Gloom
Of this Romantick Wilderness once stood
The Bow'r of ROSAMONDA, hapless Fair,
Sacred to Grief and Love; the Crystal Fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous Limbs,
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the Face
Of *Spenser*, lovely Maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowry Brink, and views those Charms,
Which only ROSAMOND could once excel.
But see where flowing with a nobler Stream,
A limpid Lake of purest Waters rolls
Beneath the wide-strech'd Arch, stupenduous Work,
Through which the *Danube* might collected pour
His spacious Urn! Silent a while, and smooth,
The Current glides, till with an headlong Force
Broke and disorder'd down the Steep it falls,

In loud Cascades ; the Silver-sparkling Foam,
Glitters relucant in the dancing Ray.

In these Retreats repos'd the mighty Soul
Of *Churchill*, from the Toils of War and State,
Splendidly Private, and the tranquil Joy
Of Contemplation felt, while *BLEINHEIM*'s Dome
Triumphal, ever in his Mind renew'd
The Mem'ry of his Fame, and sooth'd his Thoughts
With pleasing Record of his glorious Deeds.
So by the Rage of Faction, home recalld,
LUCULLUS, while he wag'd successful War
Against the Pride of *Asia*, and the Pow'r
Of *MITHRIDATES*, whose aspiring Mind
No Losses could subdue, enrich'd with Spoils
Of conquer'd Nations, back return'd to *Rome*,
And in magnificent Retirement spent
The Evening of his Life —— But not alone,
In the calm Shades of Honourable Ease,

Great MARLB'ROUGH peaceful dwelt : Indulgent Heav'n
Gave a Companion to his softer Hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of Fortune, or of State, and in her Mind
Found Greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in Her — Thus each by each admir'd
In mutual Honour, mutual Fondness join'd :
Like two fair Stars with intermingled Light,
In friendly Union they together shone,
Aiding each others Brightness, 'till the Cloud
Of Night eternal quench'd the Beams of one :
Thee *Churchill* first, the ruthless Hand of Death
Tore from thy Consort's Side, and call'd thee hence,
To the sublimer Seats of Joy and Love ;
Where Fate again shall join her Soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy Fame, erects
The Column to thy Praise, and sooths her Woe
With Pious Honours to thy sacred Name

Immortal

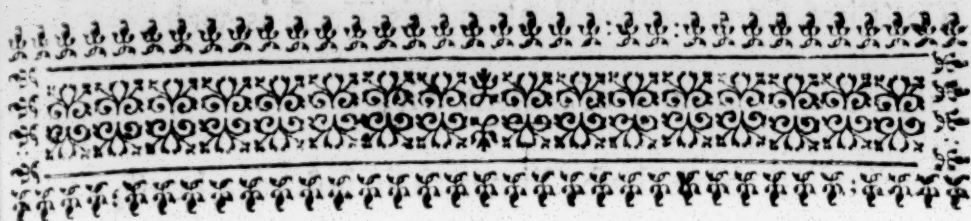
Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the Heighth
Of yon Aerial Pillar proudly stands
Thy Image, like a Guardian God, Sublime,
And awes the Subject Plain: Beneath his Feet,
The *German* Eagles spread their Wings, his Hand
Grasps Victory its Slave. Such was thy Brow
Majestick, such thy Martial Port, when *Gaul*
Fled from thy Frown, and in the *Danube* fought
A Refuge from thine Ire. — There where the Field
Was deepest stain'd with Gore, on *Hotchstet's* Plain,
The Theatre of thy Glory once was rais'd,
A meaner Trophy by th^e *Imperial* Hand:
Extorted Gratitude; which now the Rage
Of Malice Impotent, befeeming ill
A regal Breast, has levell'd to the Ground:
Mean Insult! this with better Auspices,
Shall stand on *British* Earth, to tell the World
How *Marl'brough* fought, for whom, and how repay'd

His Services. Nor shall the constant Love
Of her who rais'd this Monument be lost
In dark Oblivion : That shall be the Theme
Of future Bards in Ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with *Chaucer's* Fire, who in these Groves
First tun'd the *British* Harp, and little deem'd
His humble Dwelling should the Neighbour be
Of *BLEINHEIM*, House Superb ; to which the throng
Of Travellers approaching, shall not pass
His Roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With Rev'rence due. Such Honour does the *MUSE*
Obtain her Favourites. — But the noble Pile
(My Theme) demands my Voice. — O Shade, ador'd
Marlb'rough ! who now above the starry Sphere,
Dwell'ft in the Palaces of Heav'n, enthron'd
Among the Demi-Gods, deign to defend
This thy Abode, while present here Below,
And sacred still to thy immortal Fame ;

With

With tutelary Care preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying Hand, and cruel Stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless Rage.
 Here may long Ages hence, the *British* Youth
 When Honour calls them to the Field of War,
 Behold the Trophies which thy Valour rais'd ;
 The proud Reward of thy successful Toils
 For *Europe's* Freedom, and thy Country's Fame :
 That fir'd with gen'rous Envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy Deeds. — So shall thy Name,
 Dear to thy Country, still inspire her Sons
 With martial Virtue ; and to high Attempts
 Excite their Arms ; till other Battels won,
 And Nations fav'd, new Montuments require,
 And other *BLEINHEIMS* shall adorn the Land.





AN EPISTLE to Mr. POPE,
FROM A
Young Gentleman at ROME.

*An quidquam nobis tali sit munere majus ?
Et Puer ipse fuit cantari dignus —*

VIRG. ECL. 5.

May 7, 1730



IMMORTAL Bard ! for whom each Muse
has wove,

The fairest Garlands of th' *Aonian* Grove,

O born. our drooping Genius to restore,

When ADDISON and CONGREVE are no more ;

After so many Stars extinct in Night,

The darken'd Age's last remaining Light !

To

To Thee from *Latian* Realms this Verse is writ,
Inspir'd by Memory of antient wit,
For now no more these Climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their Glory and their Virtue lost :
From Tyrants and from Priests the Muses fly,
Daughters of *Reason* and of *Liberty*.
Nor *Baiæ* now, nor *Umbria's* Plain they love,
Nor on the Banks of *Nar*, or *Mincio* rove,
To *Thames's* flowry Borders they retire,
And kindle in thy Breast the *Roman* Fire :
So in the Shades, where cheer'd with Summer-rays,
Melodious Linnets warbled sprightly Lays ;
Soon as the faded falling Leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauspicious Reign,
No tuneful Voice is heard of Joy or Love,
But mournful Silence saddens all the Grove.

Unhappy *Italy* ! whose alter'd State
Has felt the worst Severity of Fate :

Not that Barbarian Hands her * *Rods* have broke,
And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their Yoke ;
Not that her Palaces to Earth are thrown,
Her Cities desert, and her Fields unfown ;
But that her antient Spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her Bounds is fled,
That there the Source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich Streams supply'd the World before.

Illustrious Names, that once in *Latium* shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command Mankind ;
Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty ROME was rais'd,
And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd ;
Oft I the Traces you have left explore,
Visit your Ashes and your Urns adore ;
Oft kiss, with Lips devout, some mould'ring Stone,
With Ivy's venerable Shade o'ergrown ;

* *Fasces*.

Those hallow'd Ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the Pomp of Modern Luxury.

As late on VIRGIL's Tomb fresh Flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my Bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with unfading Bays, my ravish'd Eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise ;

“ Stranger, he said, whose pious Hand has paid
“ Those grateful Rites to my attentive Shade,
“ When thou shalt breathe thy happy native Air,
“ To POPE this Message from his Master bear :

“ Great Bard ! whose Numbers I my self inspire,
“ To whom I gave my own harmonious Lyre,
“ If mounted high upon the Throne of Wit,
“ Near ME and HOMER thou aspire to sit ;
“ No more let meaner Satire taint thy Bays,
“ And stain the Glory of thy nobler Lays ;

“ In all the flow’ry Paths of *Pindus* stray,
 “ But shun that thorny, that unpleasing Way :
 “ Why wou’dst thou force thy Genius from its End ?
 “ Form’d to Delight, why striv’st thou to offend ?
 “ When every soft, engaging Muse is thine,
 “ Why court the least attractive of the Nine ?

“ Of Thee more worthy were the Task to raise
 “ A lasting Column to thy Country’s Praise ;
 “ To sing the Land, which now alone can boast
 “ That LIBERTY unhappy ROME has lost ;
 “ Where Science in the Arms of P E A C E is laid,
 “ And plants her Palm beneath the Olive’s Shade ;
 “ Where Honours on distinguish’d Merit wait ;
 “ And Virtue is no more a Foe to State.

“ Such was the Theme for which my Lyre I strung,
 “ Such was the People whose Exploits I sung ;

- “ Brave, yet refin’d, for Arms and Arts renown’d,
“ With different Bays by *Mars* and *Phæbus* crown’d,
“ Dauntless Opposers of Tyrannick Sway,
“ But pleas’d a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these Commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam’d thy Name shall live :
Envy to black *Cocytus* shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting Fire :
Remotest Times shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the PATRIOT’S to the POET’S Praise.





AN EPISTLE,

To the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT
WALPOLE.



REAT MINISTER, whose gen'rous Soul
disdains

The fordid Flatt'rer's unavailing Pains,

To whom in vain the abject Rhymers sing ;

In vain the venal Muse extends her Wings.

On such cheap Incense thou with Scorn look'st down,

Yet on the modest Muse dost never frown,

Whose honest Art thy Actions wou'd rehearse,

And justly turn the *Panegyrick* Verse.

A Heroe's Soul supplies it-self with Fame,

And wou'd be injur'd by a borrow'd Name :

It want's not Praise, fill'd with its own desert,
Like Bullion Gold, tho' unadorn'd by Art.

But yet the PATRIOT's Cares, or WARRIOR's Fire,
The World in Silence never will admire.

The Nine, and *Phæbus*' Self forbid that crime,
Just Panegyrick is the Soul of Rhyme.

Hence for his Dorset *Dryden*'s Harp was strung,

Hence to the Great *Mecænas* HORACE sung,

To *Nassau*, *Prior*, and to *Brunswick* Young.

Oh ! were my Soul endu'd with equal Fire,

Such warmth Divine wou'd some kind Muse inspire,

Or *Maro*'s then I'd scorn, or *Pindar*'s Fame,

Equal to theirs my Verse, and greater far my Theme.

Yet mount, my Muse, inflam'd with juster Fire,
-In Strains which WALPOLE only can inspire ;

With his fair Acts adorn the flowing Verse,

Which loftiest Song may sing, or strictest Truth rehearse.

When

When *Rome* from *PONTUS*' Shore Victorious turn'd,
And the great King his Strength inferiour mourn'd,
The *Roman* Name with Fear each Nation knew,
And with her Eagles certain Conquest flew :
Yet had not then the Prudent *Tully* rose,
And from *Rome*'s Senate cull'd her fiercest Foes,
Struck by her Sons her blasted Fame had lain,
And her long Race of *Consuls* fought in vain.

BRITANNIA! thus with thickest Laurels crown'd
Her greater Pow'r, by trembling *Gallia* own'd :
Had well nigh fall'n, eclips'd her long Renown
And *Nassau*'s Works, and *Marlb'rough*'s Toils undone ;
For *Catilines* fierce War was dreaded less,
Than *Harley*'s treach'rous Arts, and *St. John*'s fatal Peace.

This *WALPOLE* saw, and greatly dar'd oppose
United Pow'r, and Crouds of treach'rous Foes.

While he maintain'd his future Master's right,
Nor Chains cou'd hurt, nor threaten'd Death affright.
Till *Brunswick* came, (blest ever be the Day)
And fav'd the Realms which he was doom'd to Sway.
Th' illustrious Stranger saw the Wounds, and Griev'd,
Which *Britain* from her Guardians had receiv'd ;
And view'd with noble Scorn a Wretch so mean
As dar'd, to gain a Smile, betray his Queen.
But fill'd with Joy he saw the Glorious few,
To their just Cause 'midst thousand Dangers true.
Thee, W A L P O L E, chief his well judg'd Favours own,
Thee, who cou'd'st guard his Right, he bad defend his
Throne.

And when some younger Guards of *Britain's* State,
That may in long Futurity be great ;
Shall roll the well wrote Annals back with Care,
And Age impartially with Age compare :

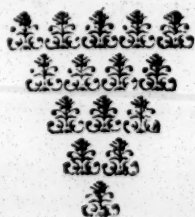
See the Third *Edward* glorious in the Field,
And haughty *FRANCE* to youthful *Henry* yield.
Behold with joy *Eliza's* Halcyon Days,
And run great *William's* Labours o'er with Praise.
Where the First *Brunswick's* Reign the Pages tell,
Their Soul shall there in sweet Attention dwell.
Shall see or *Tudor's* Olives springing there,
Or Laurels which *Plantagenets* might wear.
There *Churchill* shone, Illustrious from his fall,
Less dreaded was *Camillus* by the *Gaul*.
Fair Commerce there with Plenty deck'd each Board,
And *ENGLAND's* Navies told the Seas their Lord.
That Period mark'd with fairest White shall stand,
When *GEORGE* by *WALPOLE's* Counsels rul'd the Land.

Nor yet the Panegyrick Page shall cease,
(For to recite a *Brunswick's* Acts is praise.)

The next great King shall shine with equal Fame ;
Nor *Titus* yield to Old *Vespasian's* Name.

There too shall flourish W A L P O L E ' s Patriot Cares,
The Virtue fix'd which in his Breast he wears ;
Th' unchang'd Integrity, extensive Thought,
And deep Design to ripe Perfection brought :
The Zeal with which he pleads his Country's right,
And wrests the Sword from Kings resolv'd to Fight.

H E whose young Valour gain'd the Laurel Crown,
That but his second Praise with Pride shall own ;
While from his calmer Greatness springs a Peace,
A Nations Joy, a Monarch's noble Ease.
For not the field of Death gives Fame alone,
Prevented Wars are more than Battles won.



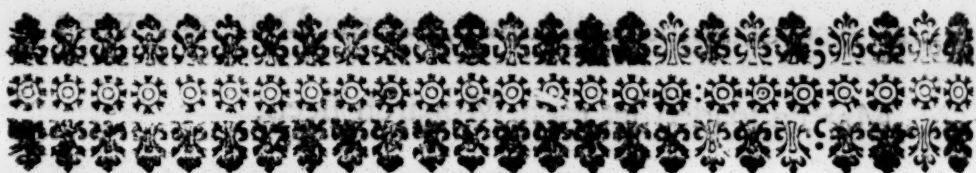


On seeing the Monument of the Right
Honourable SIDNEY, Earl of GODOLPHIN, in *Westminster-Abbey*.

LESS noble Names let rising Columns grace,
And Sculpture tell how great the Dust once was ;
With Marble loaded let each Monarch sleep,
And polish'd Muses round each Poet weep ;
Let too the well wrote Epitaph be shown,
Join'd to the Eloquence of wounded Stone.
Yet this one Bust superior Honour wears,
Ennobled only by the Name it bears.
GODOLPHIN fills with Sentiments each Heart,
Beyond the Pencil's Touch, or reach of Art ;
At this one Name each Reader glows with Fire,
Which Stone or graving Steel cou'd ne'er inspire.

His

His Glory unconfin'd to scanty Stone,
 Can only by th' Historick Pen be shown.
 To him a Monument which ne'er shall die,
 The *British* Annals only can supply ;
 Those too alone can tell the mighty Fame,
 Of CHURCHILL's Honours join'd to great GODOLPHIN's
 Name.



TO a FRIEND;

In Imitation of PROPERTIUS.

Lib. 1, Eleg. 7.

WHILST thou, great Bard, art filld with nobler
 Fire,

And into Musick wak'st the Tragick Lyre,

Commanding us with dying Kings to Groan,

And make each suff'ring Heroe's Woe our own.

Thy

Thy Friend as usual lighter Themes employ,
 The charming *Cælia*, Beautiful and Coy
 Requires my Verse, to her alone I bend,
 And only touch the Lyre at her command.
 Hence must my Fame, and hence my Joy too flow,
 Hence my Delight, and hence my Laurels grow.

Thou too, my Friend, if e'er thy Soul shall feel
 A Pain which none but those who Love can tell ;
 Shalt then, like me, in softer Numbers write,
 Shalt then, like me, to Love alone indite.
 In vain shalt each sublimer Muse invoke
 And touch the Lyre unanfw'ring to thy Stroke.
 Mute shall the wretched *Polinices* lie,
 And fierce *Eteocles* in Silence die.

Then Scorn not rashly my too tender Lays,
 Nor think a fair one's Smile but empty Praise,
 Least angry Love the Wrong with Int'rest pays

}
 }
 }

Sulpicia



Sulpicia to Cerinthus,

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Lib. 4, Eleg. 12.

LET me be Tortur'd with what most I fear,
 Let me by Thee, my Life, be held less dear ;
 If e'er thro' heedless Youth I play'd a part
 Which forc'd such true Repentance from my Heart,
 As leaving Thee, my Soul, last Night alone,
 Dissembling those Desires I blush'd to own.



On a Young LADY's weep-
 ing at OROONOKO.

AT Fate's approach whilst OROONOKO Groans,
 Imoinda's Fate, undaunted at his own ;

Dropping

Dropping a gen'rous Tear *Lucretia* Sighs,
 And views the Heroe with *Imoinda's* Eyes.
 When the Prince strikes who envy's not the Deed ?
 To be so Wept, who wou'd not wish to Bleed ?



To a LADY in Years, who married a
 GENTLEMAN of a suitable Age
 to Her-felf.

MADAM,

CHARM'D with the Theme no venal Muse effays
 To fing your Wisdom in instructive Lays ;
 Let giddy Youth the treach'rous Sallies prove,
 Of Feav'rish Transports, and Romantic Love :
 'Tis yours to choofe by Reason, — yours to fhew,
 What folid Joys from gen'rous Friendship flow.
 Crown'd by your prudent Match each Year fhall roll,
 Profufe of Blifs, perfective of the Soul ;

Till

Till hoary Age shall ask a new abode,
And Angels guide your flight to Friendship's God.



To a LADY,

Who after accepting a Present of a Diamond Ring, and wearing it sometime, offer'd by way of Refusal to return it to the DONOR, who was then about Sixty.

PERMIT, transporting Fair, a plaintive Muse
To breath her suff'rings at that word — Refuse.
What tho' *Idalian* sweets compose that Face,
Nor can all *India's* Mines improve one Grace ;
Yet, yet accept this emblem of my Love,
Which, lasting as the Diamond's Self shall prove.

Accept,

Accept, and dissipate my sick'ning Fears ;
 Shun roving Youth, and Try the worth of Years :
 Years, — which gave me to make my Passion known,
 And form'd the trembling Lustre of this Stone.



A Reflection upon the shortness of Human
 Life : Being a Paraphrase upon the two
 first Verses of the 14th, Chap. of the
 Book of J O B.

1. Man that is Born of a Woman hath but a short time
 to Live, and is full of Misery.

2. He cometh up, and is cut down like a Flower ; he
 fleeth as it were a Shadow, and never continueth in one
 Stay.

LORD what is Man ! or what his span of Life !
 Replete with growing Ills, and ceaseless Strife !
 Scarce Born e're to his kindred Earth convey'd !
 A moving lump of Clay ! a living Shade !

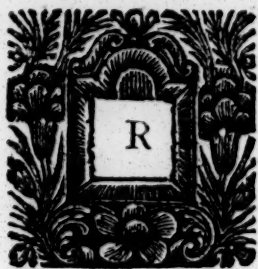
So

So springs the Flower amidst the fertile Land,
 Springs but to fall beneath the Mower's Hand :
 So have we seen the lengthning Shadow spread,
 Hardly have seen, when lo ! the Phantom's fled



V E R S E S,

To an Unfortunate Young LADY of
 QUALITY.



RECEIVE this Present from a pensive
 Mind,

To you alone, midst all your Sex, resign'd:

Think, as you Read, you see each stealing
 Tear,

Each hope cut of thro' resolute Despair :

Then judge, O judge, what Pangs must pierce my Heart,

When Fate proclaims that stabbing Sentence, — Part.

Torn

Torn from my-self by Virtues rigid Laws
I greatly struggle in Religion's Cause ;
Yet faint, — Alas ! too weak to reach the Prize,
While Reason yields as stronger Passions rise.
Help me, good Angels, to appease the Storm,
And each loud tumult of my Breast reform :
Lo ! with the Storm thy sweet Idea's join'd,
As both to plunge this sinking Bark, combin'd.

Oft I look back, but what avail past Joys ?
Dear, deadly Sources of eternal Sighs !
Reflection serves but to enhance my Pain,
And call forth moist'ning Dews that Wet — in vain,
To trace the Spring from whence my Sufferings flow,
And form to Horror each succeeding Woe.

Sometimes my Fancy in a flatt'ring Vein,
Paints me possessing all thy Sweets again :

No longer absent from these Arms you seem,
I hug th' Illusion, and devour the Dream.
E'en now a Tide of Rapture swells my Mind,
But Ebbs — how soon! — and leaves a Wretch behind.

How does that Thought my bleeding Bosom rend!
Thy Name! — a Lover's Name! — prophan'd to Friend.
Yet sprung from Thee, Thou poor disastrous Fair,
E'en Friendship sooths, nay charms my ravish'd Ear.

Say, as a Man, I ought to bear my Woe,
Feel it I must — the Man must feel it too.
And where's the Hero so from Clay refin'd,
To bear the Tortures of a wounded Mind?

Yes; 'tis resolv'd, — aid but ye pow'rs Divine —
And Friend's the only Name shall now be mine.

Hail social Pleasure! — permanent Delight!
 Lavish of Blifs that foars no vulgar Height!
 I pause — convinc'd 'tis more than Half reveal'd,
 How much the LOVER's in that FRIEND conceal'd.



To CÆLIA absent.

AT thy approach each new-born Joy appear'd,
 Each growing Pleasure fill'd thy Lover's Breast,
 As by the Sun's returning Lustre cheer'd;
 Each blooming Hedge with sprightlier Green is drest.

But now alas! I sigh in lonesome Woe,
 My former Pleasures now my Tears employ,
 Cou'd it be thought such bitter Pains shou'd flow,
 From the Possession of ~~such~~ heav'nly Joy?



On the famous Contests be-
tween SIGNORA CUZZONI,
and SIGNORA FAUSTINA.

W HILE with the heighten'd Force of Rival sound,
Each tuneful Stranger struck the ravish'd Ear,
Careless of Joy the adverse Hearers frown'd,
And each in Rage extoll'd his fav'rite Fair.

Strange ! that from Harmony's all-Soothing spell,
Tumultuous Jars, and fiercest Discord came,
Strange ! that the Breast of Man enrag'd shou'd Swell
By notes which list'ning Savages wou'd Tame.



V E R S E S



V E R S E S wrote in the Summer-House
where Sir *RICHARD STEEL* wrote
his C O N S C I O U S L O V E R S.

S U R E this is more than C L A S S I C Ground I tread,
All *Pindus* seems to bloom around my Head ;
Wake then, my Muse, what Lyre can lay unstrung,
In Shades where *Phæbus*, or where *Steel* hath Sung ?
A C I M B E R T O N each gaudy T U L I P shows,
And each gay Bed is throng'd with Lacquey Beaux.
In each fair Plant young *Bevil* greets my Eyes,
And *Indiana* in each whisper Sighs.



V E R S E S wrote in the same Summer-
House, as belonging to Capt. N E L L Y.

G O D S ! who'd e're tempt the stormy Main,
That thus retir'd cou'd Live in Ease ?

Who'd scorch beneath the Line for Gain,

And quit the verdure of these Trees ?

What weightiest Ingots e'er can pay,

The absence of that curling Vine ?

What sparkling Diamond's brightest Ray,

Yon pearly Dew-Drop can out-shine ?

Who'd stand the angry Light'nings Blaze,

Or the hoarse Thunder's Terrors bear,

That on those well rang'd Greens cou'd Gaze,

That yon Harmonious Birds cou'd hear ?

These harmless Joys, these safe Delights,

The wretched anxious Miser flies ;

While *China's* Wealth his Toil invites,

And *India* sparkles in his Eyes.

Far nobler views good NELLY move,

Himself of Happiness secure,

He still o'er stormy Seas can rove,

And the Sun's fiercest Heats endure :

While

While for his Son are all his Cares,

For him alone he quits his Rest ;

The Boon of Heav'n to his Pray'rs,

The dear effect of Wedlock blest.

This only is his great Design,

That from the Wealth his Labours raise,

Plenty with Learning may combine,

To bless his Offsprings future Days..



To a LADY who Plays finely on the
HARPSICHORD, lately recover'd
from a Dangerous FEVER.

March 29th, 1730.

(I)

TO what dark Shades, what distant Woods,
Ye sacred Sisters, were ye flown :

H 4

When

When Fair *Almeria* Dying laid,
 And sent unheard a plaintive Moan ?

(2)

For fure, nor thro' *Aonia's* Vales,
 Nor on *Parnassus'* Top ye stray'd,
 Nor on *Eurotas'* shady Side,
 Nor *Aganippe's* Banks were laid.

(3)

Or rather did you envious Hear
 The Fair *Almeria's* pow'rful Strains,
 And trembled least the lift'ning World,
 For her shou'd Justly quit your Shrines ?

(4)

Doom'd ye to Death the tuneful Fair,
 Whose only Fault was to excell ?
 So *Niobe's* all-beauteous Race,
 To your God's Pride a Victim fell.

But

(5)

But see the all-reviving Spring

Vifits with Health th' harmonious Maid,

And jufter *Phæbus* fhines more pure,

To fend his Faireft vot'ry Aid.

(6)

Again the Fair refumes the Lyre,

And double Spring feems Bloom around ;

Harmony's felf with her revives,

And new Life Breaths in ev'ry Sound.

(7)

Well, cruel Sicknefs, didft thou ftrip

The Nymph of her fweet Pow'r to charm :

While thus ſhe Plays, Death dares not ftrike,

Nor has, or will, or pow'r to Harm.

(8)

Thus fweetly *David* tun'd the Lyre,

Nor fear'd the Rage of envious *Saul* ;

While

While in celestial Strains he Play'd,

The Jav'lin harmless struck the Wall.

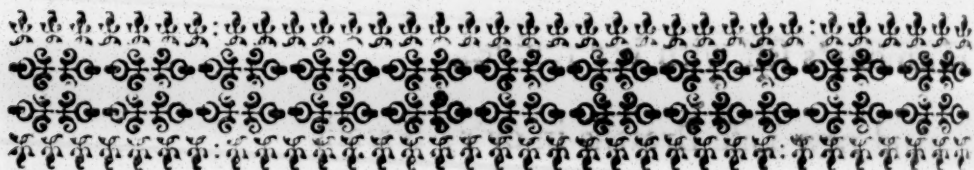
(9)

Convinc'd by Thee, Fair Nymph, we Soar,

And seek to Joys supreme our way,

For sure that doubly must be Heav'n

Where Strains like thine eternal Play.



To a GENTLEMAN lately MARRIED.

May 20th, 1724.

(1)



F Beauty, Truth, and sparkling Wit,

Good Sense that faithful guide,

And thousand Charms no words can Teach

Compose a lovely Bride ;

Too

(2)

Too happy, *Strepbon*, is thy Fate,
 To thee the Gods have given
 A Nymph, whose Virtues Rival theirs,
 And make an Earthly Heav'n.

(3)

Her matchless Body's perfect Charms
 Are but her second Praise :
 Superior Beauties from within,
 Her spotless Soul displays.

(4)

So fair a Theme might POETS make,
 Without *Apollo's* Art,
 And to the coldest Genius soon
 The brightest Flames impart.

(5)

Yet while with Love, and Duty fir'd,
 Her Praise my Muse wou'd sing,

In vain alas ! she strives to Soar :

Grief clogs her rising Wing,

(6)

For whilst with Joy to distant Climes,

The charming Prize you bear,

With Sorrow we, and weeping Eyes,

Pursue the flying Fair.

(7)

Hard Fate ! that from thy source of Joy,

Our Grief its Birth derives,

And to the Blessing thou hast gain'd,

Our Curse united Lives.

(8)

Oh may she soon again, to Bless

Our longing Eyes return ;

And

And ever may the Nuptial Torch,
With growing lustre Burn.

(9)

Thy choicest Influence on this Pair,
Propitious *Hymen* pour :
Thy Rival, lovely VENUS, blest,
Since Beauties Strife is o'er.

(10)

Ye little Cupid's, smiling Troop,
Attend your beauteous Care ;
In sportive bands of Pleasure Dance,
Ye Graces round the Fair.

(11)

And Thou to whom with pious Vows,
The teeming Matrons pray,
Let not the charming *Psyche* fall
To cruel Death a Prey.

Thy

(12)

Thy timely Aid, *Lucina*, bring,
 And ev'ry Pang assuage,
 An Offspring like the Parents give
 The Envy of the Age.



On a STATUE of VENUS Sleeping.

WHAT beauteous sleeping Form lies there ?

Know'st Thou not then, too happy Swain,

Tis Love's great pow'r whom Men revere,

Who can e'en Deities enchain.

Hold off, advent'rous Wretch, be Wise,

Thy Safety's only in thy Flight.

Wake her ; the Lustre of her Eyes,

Will strike thine with eternal Night.

To



TO CÆLIA.

WHILST thy enchanting Voice I hear,
And on thy Beauties fix my Eye,

By diff'rent Charms at once subdu'd :

See, see, a double Death I die.

The pow'r of Musick reason oft,

And oft of Beauty can controul :

But oh ! resistless is their Force

When both united Court the Soul.

Did both united fail to move ;

Still wou'd the Beauties of thy Mind,

(For there e'en Reason dictates Love :)

A sure and easy Conquest find.

A SONG.



A S O N G.

W A N T O N Gales that fondly Play
Round about my love sick-Head ;

Quickly waft my Sighs away,

To the Nymph for whom I Bleed.

Softly Whisfer in her Ear,

All the Pains for her I feel,

All the Torments that I bear,

Tell her, She alone can heal.

Then with unsuspected Care,

Gently Fan her lovely Breast :

(Happy you may Revel there,

Where each God wou'd wish to Rest.)

If one spark of fond Desire,
Harbour'd there by Chance you find,
Raife it too a lasting Fire,
Such as burns within my Mind.

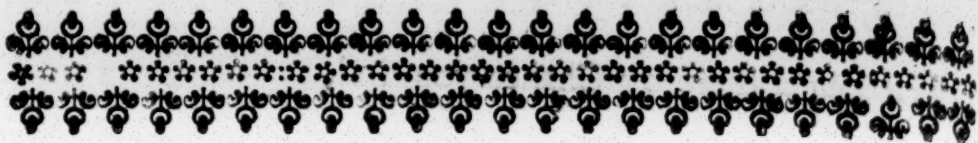


TO CÆLIA.

The AMULET.

FROM those bewitching Charms which grace
Thy Siren Voice, thy Angel Face,
The only Method to be free
Is not to Hear, and not to See.





The GLUTTON;

A TALE.

GORMANDO for Gluttony fam'd thro' the Town,
At Supper was fat, (as he lov'd) all alone.

A monstrous huge Sturgeon was serv'd up whole,
Whole? no a miracle repriev'd the Jowl.

His Fists, Knife, and Teeth, he so Manfully plies,
That he fairly has emptied the Dish in a trice.

The Fish it was Eat — but the Devil would have it,
Tho' his Coat he unbutton'd, and unty'd his Cravat;

In spite of warm Water, and Clysters apply'd,
His Belly was bursting, and out of his Side

Blood and Gravy just flowing, — his Friends all in Tears,
Advise him to settle his worldly Affairs.

Wrong were it, said he, that I who of late
Fed so well, shou'd now grudge the poor Worms a good
Bait.

This then the last Meal I am likely to make,
(Since in the next World none Roast, Boil, or Bake ;)
Without whimp'ring, or adding one rascally Fish,
Prithee step, and bring hither the rest of my Fish.

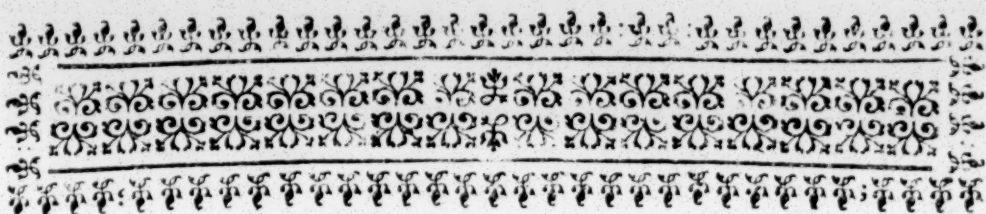


A T A L E.

F A T — from Breakfast now pretty well rested,
(A Pidgeon Pye Corner since Morning digested ;)
A glad Summons receiv'd from a neighb'ring College,
Where Ven'son and Port, pass'd for Genius and Knowledge.
As for L A T I N or G R E E K, they knew no such Trash
Man,
Fill your Pipe is the word, from the Head to the Fresh
Man.

And for *Tully* and *Plato* who the Devil wou'd heed 'em,
 That had e'er crack'd a Joke with the fam'd Dr. ——— ?
 Well, at Dinner in Glee now the Dr. is seated,
 The Table with Guests, and with Dishes compleated ;
 His merciless Knife a Plumb Pudding first mourn'd,
 Then to Bak'd, Boil'd, and Roast, he alternately turn'd,
 On the Ven'son he fasten'd when e'er it came nigh him,
 And each Fowl as it pass'd, or repass'd, he Shot flying.
 At length looking round, and his Knife laid aside,
 With Eating tho tir'd, yet not satisfied ;
 Fill a Bumper, he cries, — O good Sir, no Water,
 In *ακρατον* for ever, Sir drink Alma Mater :
 Then he sunk it full soon, — and stroaking his Band,
 And lifting to Heav'n his Eyes and his Hand,
 Grant us Patience he cries, what hard Labours attend them,
 Whom the Church and Religion have chose to defend them ?

The



The Kiss repay'd ;

A T A L E.

AS *Roger* with his *Jug* was walking,
Smiling full Blith, and gayly Talking :

Sir John an am'rous Knight pass'd by,

And chanc'd on *Jug* to cast his Eye,

And with her native Beauty pleas'd,

The rustick Husband thus addrest.

Hail honest Friend ! why ods my Life !

You've got a wondrous pretty Wife !

If you'll Permit me one small favour,

To Kifs her once, I mean, and leave her,

When e'er you chance to meet my Dame,
You shall be Welcome to the same.
Quoth *Roger*, if that's all you crave,
Your Worship freely has my leave.
The Knight stept up without delay,
Kiss'd her, and walk'd Content away.
Some few Days after this in hast
As o'er the Meadows *Roger* past,
His gentle Friend Sir *John* he spy'd,
My Lady tripping by his Side,
He Bow'd, and tho' his Mouth did water,
Pass'd on, and mention'd not the matter.
The Knight then spying him, says, Friend,
To Promises I always stand,
See here, my Wife at your Command.
The Clown approach'd and Kiss'd the Dame,
Then fir'd with more than usual Flame,

He went, and to himself thus said,
 Since the Good Knight so well has paid
 His Promise, Troth, I had much rather,
 He'd gone with *Jug* a little farther.



The *Linx* and the *Mole* ;

A FABLE.

IN Days when FABLES first were wrote,
 When LYONS Talk'd, and ASSES Thought,
 When *Centaurs* scowr'd it o'er the Plain,
 And tuneful *Sirens* skimm'd the Main ;
 A LINX there liv'd of mighty Fame
 Midst Beasts well worthy *Argus*' Name,
 So clear his Eyes, so quick his Sight,
 As baffled all the Pow'rs of Night,

Each darkeſt Hour to him was Noon,
Nor Sun he ever miſs'd, nor Moon ;
His piercing Sight with Eaſe cou'd paſs
Thro' Walls of Flint, or Doors of Braſs ;
Nought e'er was hidden from his View,
In ſhort, he look'd all Nature thro.

Beneath a Brambles ample Shade,
Watching for Prey, our LINX was laid,
For Hunting was his uſual Trade.
And as his Eyes he caſt around,
He ſpy'd juſt iſſuing from the Ground
A duſky MOLE, and thus in Mirth
He Scoff'd the Groveling Son of Earth.

Soho ! what's here ! Heav'n grant me grace,
Friend Mole, I pity much thy Caſe.
Why what one Pleaſure can it give,
To ſuch a Wretch as Thee to live ?

What

What not one Eye? no Beam of Light?
Of the dear attribute of Sight
Wholly depriv'd? in vain the Sun
May all his radiant Courſes Run,
The Seasons may return in vain,
To deck with various Charms the Plain;
To make the gay Carnation blow,
To bid the blushing Roſe Bud glow:
To thee nor Sight of vernal Bloom,
Nor *Autumn's* Golden Charms can come.
Why Nature ſure forgot her Trade,
When ſuch an Elf as Thee ſhe made.
Thou only know'ſt thou liv'ſt from Pain,
And Death wou'd be to Thee a gain.
So pitying much thy wretched Blindneſs,
Methinks I'll Eat Thee out of kindneſs.

Oh, good Sir, ſtrait reply'd the MOLE,
Thanks to your gen'rous pitying Soul,

But

But for your Favours, pray reserve 'em,
For those who more than I deserve 'em ;
And know that I full well perceive,
Perceive with Pleasure too I live.
What tho' I want the use of Sight,
Tho' wrapt I live in endless Night ?
Yet I've an Ear will well repay,
The loss of all the Pow'rs of Day.

But Hold ! — what Noise is that I hear ?
Something comes whizzing in my Ear,
Good Friend, for you I'm much in fear,
Then breaking short, the cunning M O L E,
Popp'd speedily into her Hole.
For from afar the Sound she knew
Of the resounding twanging Yew,
And heard the Arrow as it flew.

With fatal certainty the Dart
Reach'd the unguarded L I N X's Heart,

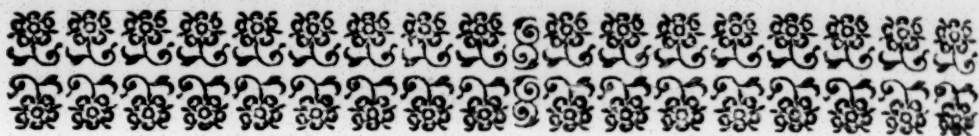
And,

And, uselefs his all piercing Sight,
 He groan'd, and funk to endless Night.
 The MOLE again thrust up her Head,
 And thus the Earthly Moralift said.

See where the Wretch lies Dead ! may all
 Unthinking Boasters like him fall :
 For Nature with discerning Eyes,
 To each his Share of good fupplies.
 Who can another's Virtues tell ?
 But each his own may Practice well,
 Tho' none can e'er in all excell.



The



The Two BOOKS ;

A T A L E.

I N T O N S O N ' s Shop, at *Shakeſpear's* Head,
Two Books by chance together laid ;

The one as ſmart as Birth-Day Beau,

In all that *Brindley's* Art could ſhow :

In T U R K E Y ' s fineſt Leather Bound,

And deckt with Flowers of Gold around.

T'other in greaſy Parchment dreſt,

The ſad effects of Time confeſt ;

Thick Duſt thro' all his Leaves was pour'd,

And Worms his learned Sides devour'd.

The Beau then of his Coat full proud,

Turn'd up his Noſe ; and cry'd aloud.



Ye Gods! what Fate has plac'd me here?

Who can that wretched Sloven bear?

That load of Nastiness so near?

His very Dress offends my Sight,

His stink of Age destroys me quite.

Thus spoke the Modern's gilded Pride,

And thus the Son of Time reply'd.

Neighbour, to all by equal Heaven

Their Portion of desert is given.

'Tis yours, Sir, to be Nice and Fine,

Something perhaps as good is mine.

Pray hearken, Sir, and you shall hear it,

Oh! by no means, I cannot bear it.

Nay, give me liberty to Speak,

Foh! how he stinks, here *Jacob*, quick,

Remove me from this odious Fellow,

He'll make me all o'er Dirt and Tallow.

A Revd. Dr. passing by,

On our Old GRECIAN cast his Eye.

Here

Here —— what's the Price of that there *Stevens* ?
Nine Guineas, Sir, —— I'll give you Seven ;
Faith, Sir, I can't abate one Farthing,
Nay, I'll assure you 'tis a bargain.

Well here ! —— but what's that Bound in Red,
All o'er with Flowers of Gold bespread ?
Why what Extravagance is this ?
Was e'er Expence so much amiss ?
Such curious Art, and to bestow it,
Upon this rascal L——t Poet !

Say, are these Characters not plain,
Etch'd out in emblematick Strain ?
Do not the Courtiers scornful Eyes
The Man that's meanly Cloath'd despise,
Tho' oft a real Man is this,
The other nothing but a Dress ?

Minos



Minos and the Miser;

A F A B L E.

M I D S T largeſt heaps of untouch'd Gold,
And Treasures never to be told ;

If ancient News Papers not ly'd,

For fear of want a *Miser* dy'd.

Of all his Shillings, Pounds, and Pence

No ſingle Doit he carried hence ;

But one poor Half-penny to pay

For croſſing *Styx's* watry Way :

And even that his Shame to ſave,

His thankleſs Heir unwilling gave.

Our Ghoſt arriv'd at *Styx's* Flood,

On the black Margin trembling flood,

Juſt

Just as Hell's Ferryman was there,
And plying for his usual Fare :
And driving each poor Ghost away,
That had not wherewithal to pay.
The wretched *Miser*, vex'd at Heart
With his dear Half-penny to part,
And thinking not that Proverb true
That says, give e'en the Devil his due ;
Plung'd into *Styx* with stretch'd out Hand,
The Boatman bilk'd, and swam to Land.
Joyful and safe he got to Shore
While *Charon* storm'd, and Curs'd, and Swore.
But soon as e'er his rascal Mien,
By triple *Cerberus* was seen,
Aloud he bark'd, and at his call
Up came the Furies, one, and all,
And on the Ghost with Fury fell,
For Smugglers suffer e'en in Hell.

In Cuffs and Fetlocks, first they lay him

And then to *Minos*' Bench convey him.

Minos cou'd scarce tell what to do,

The Nature of the Crime was new.

Some punishment he'd have most ample

To make the Villain an Example.

Shou'd he then fix him in the River

With *Tantalus* to Thirst and Shiver,

Or make him pains *Promethean* feel,

Or stretch him on *Ixion*'s Wheel,

Or give him *Sisyphus*'s Stone,

Or Labours never to be done.

All these are small, old *Minos* cries,

Trifles like these will ne'er suffice ;

Well send him back to Earth again,

There shall he feel the sharpest pain.

This be his Sentence. ----- Let him see

(For the reward of Ufury)

How the heap'd Wealth of threescore Years

Is squander'd by his lavish Heirs.



A PROLOGUE to an English PLAY,
Perform'd by the young GENTLEMEN,
of *Normich* School.

LADIES, To ye this Night we consecrate,
And on your Smiles or Frowns depends our Fate ;
And nought shall e'er our 'stablish'd Glory move,
If ye our mimick Gallantry approve.

But oh ! If from our awkward Air ye find
Us unacquainted with your softer kind ;

If unpolitely we address the Fair,
If we accost her with too rough an Air,
Oh! spare the STUDENT tho' you Damn the PLAYER.

Warm'd only by the Virgin Muses Fire
We yet have touch'd the String, or tun'd the Lyre,
And to those learned Dames alone we speak
In manly LATIN, or sonorous GREEK;
Spondees, and *Dactyls* form their Seranades,
And *Choriambics* please *Aonia's* Maids.

But hold! — perhaps yon smart *Toupéts* will hear,
And these harsh Sounds offend their nicer Ear.
Well then, ye *Beaux*, whose sprightlier Souls despise
These uselefs Labours of the duller Wife.
Teach us, O teach us in the softest Strain
To tell our Flame, to breath our am'rous Pain.
Teach us genteely, *en FRANCOIS*, to Sigh,
Or in *Italian* tell the Nymph we Die;

In sprightly ARIETS to ask the Favour,

Or in a sad Adagio Vow we'll have her.

But, Faith, we ploddiug Folks shou'd be but dull,

We have no Eunuch Doctrine in our School.

More nervous Virtues have confirm'd our Choice,

Than the weak Sounds of unprolific Voice.

Yes, thank our Stars —— then let us not Despair,

Lets try if —— Sense or Worth can move the Fair.

Yes, yes, mistaken Beaux, in vain ye Drefs,

In vain are daub'd with Powder, Shuff, and Lace.

What tho' the Fair One deigns a civil Glance,

Or asks you what's the latest Cut from *France*?

What tho' she trips it with you at a Ball,

Or Blushing thanks you if her Fan shou'd fall?

Think ye each sprightly Nymph must yielding prove?

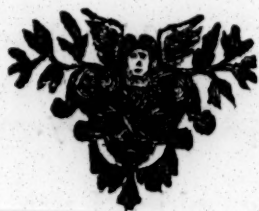
Or must each careless Smile be constru'd Love?

No:

No : from far nobler Springs that Passion flows,
 And tho' its Birth to trifles oft it owes,
 Yet only cherish'd by desert it grows.

Portia with joy her manly Lord caress,
 And in wife *Tully* was *Terentia* Blest ;
 Our BRITISH Dames by Virtue have been mov'd,
 The rugged HOTSPUR by his KATE was lov'd :
 Great *Nassaw* was with fair *Maria* grac'd,
 And all his Honours by her Charms increas'd.

Let then this beauteous Circle hear my Pray'r ;
 Like those bright Dames of old make worth your Care,
 And be more lov'd than they, be lov'd as ye are Fair.





An EPISTLE

To Mr. J.W. on his Illness.

O cou'd my Numbers sweetly flow like thine,
 Thou early fav'rite of the sacred Nine,
 The Muse shou'd sooth the Sickness she bewails,
 And Harmony give ease where Med'cine fails.

To thee, dear Jack, this Verse I send
 Not as a Poet, but a Friend.
 What ever Faults then you espy,
 O frown not, but let Friendship's Eye.
 With gentle Candour pass them by.
 'Tis yours to sweep the golden Lyre
 At will Heroick warmth Inspire,
 Or melt the Soul to soft Desire :

The charms of *Norfolk* Nymphs to Paint
 In Colours which make *Kneller's* faint ;
 Or else upon a nobler String
 To Sing of *Walpole* and the KING.
 I meddle not with such high Matters,
 But humbly leave them to my Betters,
 To you, or D-----s to rehearse,
 (True Offspring of the God of Verse,)
 But when with Spleen oppress'd sometimes
 Divert my self with tinkling Rhimes.
 Or tir'd with poring over GREEK.

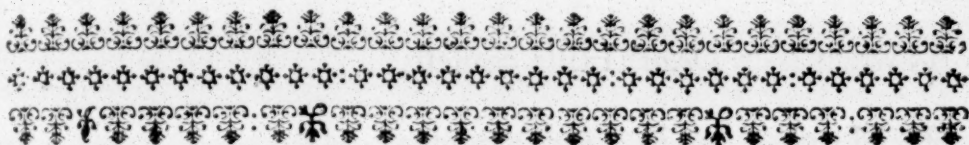
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Or turning musty Commentators,
 (The dullest of all mortal Creatures)
Casaubon, Harpocrat, Valesius,
Meursius, Hartungus, and Salmasius,
 With fifty more, Sir, I cou'd tell ye,
 As *Suidas, Pollux, and Dr*

Thus

Thus in a low profaic Stile
The Evenings tedious Hours beguile,
In Verse *Sermoni proprio*
My own Condition lay before ye,
And humbly, Sir, request to know
By the next Post how 'tis with you.
If baffling all the Doctor's Pains
Febris still rages in thy Veins,
Or does no more the Fight renew
Defeated by the Bark *Peru*.
If spiteful Tumours yet Disgrace
The Honours of thy ample Face,
Or shining in a narrower Sphere
Its native Charms again appear :
If jocund Laughter shake thy Side
— With twenty others things beside.

As — what new product of thy Brain
 From late purgations shall we gain,
 How have Emeticks help'd Invention,
 What new made Subjects to Descant on?



AN ANSWER

To the foregoing EPISTLE.

IN vain alas! My Muse wou'd rise
 In vain my Fancy upward flies,
Phæbus no more on *Pindus* dwells,
 Nor walks thro' fair *Aonia's* Vales,
 He now nor *Cynthian* will hear,
 Nor turn to *Delian* his Ear;
 No more he Shines with pleasing Rays,
 As God of Verses and of Days,

But

But dim his Light, and dull his Strains,
Only as Physick's God he reigns.
His Head no more with Laurels ty'd
His Lyre unstrung, and laid aside,
He comes not now in Glory drest
As when o'er *Delos*' Hills confest,
He Marches, or in *Pindus*' plains
Sends forth his sprightly jocund Strains,
Bright Clouds he wears not as of Old,
But Blue his Cloke, his Buttons Gold,
His looks Demure, and slow his Pace,
He feels my Pulse, and asks my Case,
Talks not in lofty epick Strain,
Or softer elegeiack Vein ;
His Words no pleasing sweetness know,
Nor with harmonious cadence flow,
But grating Sounds he utters Forth
In dialect as *Dorick* rough,

Talks of Phlebotomy, and Blisters,
 Emeticks, alt'ring Draughts, and Clysters,
 Alexipharmic's, Febrifugs,
 And harshest Names of bitt'rest Drugs.
 And thus his Syllables wou'd Chime,
 Thus his Prescriptions run in Rhyme.

R. *Balsam. de Tolu,*
Adde 3 Unc. de Cort. Peru,
Tum superinfundas Aq. ferventem,
Cum Camom. rad. Serpent & Gentian :
Et 3tiâ quâq; borâ bibat,
Tres coch. aut plures, aut ut libet.

Such, Sir, are now *Apollo's* flights,
 In such smooth Accents he Delights,
 And thus he, as Physician, Writes.


In short, so different his Dress is,
 From what you've seen him on *Parnassus*,

From

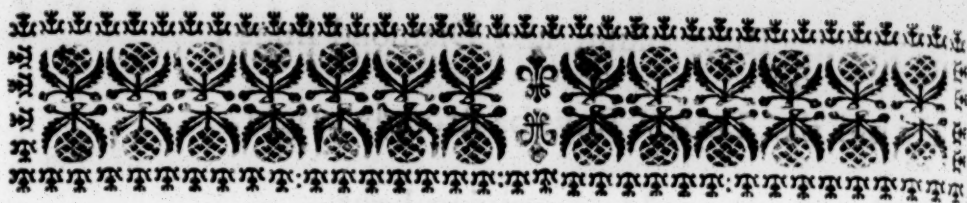
From what I've known him to descend,
At yours or D — s's Command :
I shou'd as soon the God have known,
In some grave Serjeant's Coif and Gown,
Or bearing B — y's critick wand,
With mangled *Milton* in his Hand.

But hold ! — methinks again my Health returns,
My lamp of Life again with Lustre burns,
My Blood again runs sprightly thro' my Veins,
And Health renew'd o'er all my Body reigns,
Hail ! mighty *Phæbus*, *Epidaurian* hail,
Whose pow'r o'er baleful Sickness can prevail ;
At whose approach, Disease, and Pain retire,
And Health rekindles her all-cheering Fire.
Hail ! *Phæbus* too, illustrious God of Day,
Great *Cynthian*, hail ! whose warm prolifick Ray
Impregnating the gloomy Womb of Earth,
Gives to each potent Herb, and Plant its Birth.

Thy pow'rful Beams enrich the dusky Mine,
And bid the Ruby blush, and Diamond shine ;
They bid the Topaz' Rays be strongly bright,
And give the Emerald its reviving light,
The beauteous Amethyst its Purple hue,
Yet leave the Onyx pale, and tinge the Saphir blue.
Yet, great eliv'ning Pow'r, tho' such thy Force,
Tho' such th' Effects of thy illustrious Course ;
At thy command tho' Liquid Silver flows,
And ripening Gold in Earth's dark Bosom glows.
Yet nought so great thy Chymic pow'r commands
In *Mexico's*, or wide *Peruvia's* Lands ;
As that fam'd Tree, whose *Bark* with Health full fraught,
Exceeds each potent Herb, each strongest Draught.
Blest as the happy Tree of Life it grows,
While from it Joy and Health spontaneous flows,
And Sicknefs far recedes, and mourns her baffled Blows.



To



To a Young L A D Y in the C O U N T R Y.

THOU happy Stranger to thy Sexes Arts,
 And each dear Toy that cleaves to Female Hearts,
 Whose Soul such heav'nly Qualities displays,
 An Angel's form, is an inferior Praise.
 Shine on in silent State, like hidden Ore,
 Conceal'd till piercing Eyes thy worth explore ;
 Till the Heav'n favour'd Man by *Pallas*' aid
 Behind the Cloud discerns the Goddess laid.
 While Fops, like *Hamlet*'s Mother, wond'ring stare,
 In vain with aiding Glasses seek the Fair ;
 To Eyes of Fools invisible as Air.

Love lays his Golden Arrows at thy Feet
 To pierce the Wise, the Virtuous, and the Great,
 Resigns the Quiver, whose unerring aim,
 Pierc'd *Eleonora*, never dying Name.

Who with strong Passion more than Woman dar'd,
 Nor by black Death, nor Danger's Form deterr'd,
 She suck'd the Poison, and restor'd her Lord.

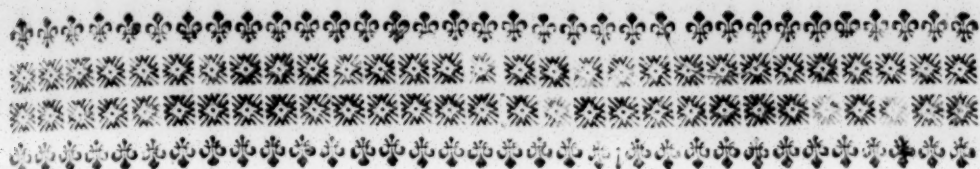
The God with Leaden Darts in cruel sport
 Rules at the Playhouse, Masquerade, and Court.
 Hence the unequal Pair, the fighting Bride,
 Trembling her Hand, the holy Knot is tied ;
 Slow from her Tongue (as if some dreadful Curse
 Cleav'd to the Sound) th' unwilling Accent bursts.
 Ten thousand Plagues, a Heart for Life to bleed,
 Eternal discord, an unnatural Bed,
 All in one comprehensive Word decreed.

Where e're thy Arrows light, good Humour reigns,
 And sweet complacence heals the Lover's Pains ;

Wing'd

Wing'd with soft Innocence they cut the Air,
Tipp'd with a Gentle, but undying Fire ;
Pure as what *Vesta's* pale Ey'd Virgins guide,
Snatch'd from some *Spartan* Dame's unspotted Side,
Or from the Heart of *Lucrece* when she dy'd.
The fame which made *Rome's* stubborn PATRIOT's melt,
By *Portia* kindled, and by *Brutus* felt ;
Whose Fires eternal Burn, nor know decay,
Till with Life's fading lamp they Die away.





To J. C. Esq;

WHEN shall I break the fav'rite Seal,
On which my Fingers love to dwell?

Which oft as eager I undo,

Welcome I cry, thrice welcome, Thou;

Whither with am'rous Story fraught,

Or glowing with some gen'rous Thought;

What e'er thou bring'st, or Wit, or News,

Gladly thy Paper Bonds I loose.

No news of Politicks or Plays,

Of *Hessian* Troops, or Operas?

Of Duels, Pamphlets, and all that,

On which we unfledg'd Statesmen Chat,

L

And

And with the Bead-roll alamode
Of Knave at home, and Fool abroad ;
National Debts, and ruin'd Trade,
Treaties unmade, and Blunders made :
Run o'er the stupid Cant of Names,
And catch the Offals of St. *James* ?

Say, is it State Affairs or Love,
These mighty Alterations move ?
What will thy Projects bring to pass,
Treaties of Marriage, or of Peace ?
A speedy Truce, or dang'rous War,
Where th' Enemy no Terms will hear,
Where once engag'd in vain you yield,
Nor tho' disarm'd, dare quit the Field ?

What e'er the mighty Cause, a Line
Sure cou'd not hurt the great Design.

To us Pedantick Folks a Letter,
 Think'st thou 'twou'd spoil one modish Feature?
 You might a vacant Hour purloin
 From Balls, Ridottos, Ladies, Wine,
 From Park or Play, —— and condescend
 To Scribble to your Country Friend.
 Nor yet be wanting on your Duty,
 Still thou mightst guard the fav'rite Beauty,
 Nor less in publick Places shine,
 Her Pride, the Envy of the Men.



A PROLOGUE to the Fair Penitent, Per-
 form'd by the Young GENTLEMEN
 of *Normich* School.

M Ethought I heard some rigid Reas'ner say
 What! shall these Boys be tutor'd by a Play?

What can they learn from the fantaſtick Scene,
The idle droppings of ſome Scribbler's Pen ?
How cou'd it e're poſſeſs their Maſter's Heart
To bid his Scholars play the Strolers Part ?
To change the learned Academic Grove
For gaudy Scenes, and trifling Tales of Love ?

Grave Nonſenſe this ! Sprung from the Pedant Rules,
And precepts of ſome Modern Stoick Schools ;
Precepts to learned A T H E N S never known,
And which a R O M A N Sage had bluſh'd to own ;
Like *Sophocles* might *Socrates* have Thought,
And like *Euripides* great *Plato* wrote.
Fill'd with Morality their Pieces Shine,
And Virtue's Dictates flow in ev'ry Line.

Nor leſs was *Rome* with moral Precepts charm'd,
By tuneful *Terence* into Muſick warm'd :

Witness the Scenes which ye so late beheld,
With sprightly Wit, and solid Virtue fill'd :
Scenes which strict *Cato* not refus'd to hear,
Which struck with rapture Godlike *Scipio's* Ear ;
Scenes with such Language, Sense, and Strength replete
As *Tully's* Self was proud to imitate,

Our Stage with Lessons great as these is fraught,
By learned *Johnson* and bold *Shakespear* Taught.
What e'er has *Law*, or peevish *Collier* said
That can with Justice *Addison* upbraid ?
When honest *Wycherley* employs his Pen,
Who not more Virtuous grows from ev'ry Scene ?
Taught by just *Steel*, in Virtue's Paths we tread,
Vice flies at his Rebuke, and hides her guilty Head.

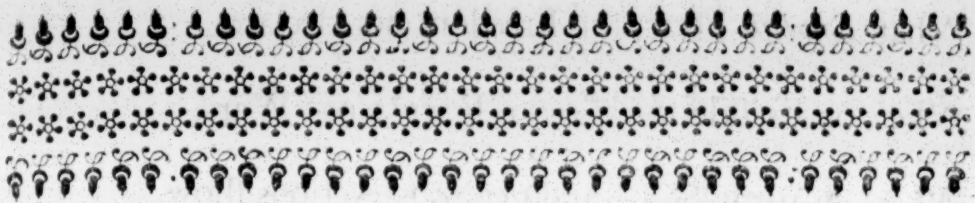
Nor do we owe less Pleasure and Delight
To him, whose Art compos'd our Scenes to Night.

What *English* Heart for Freedom not declares,
 When on its side the *Tartar* EMP'ROR Wars,
 When his great Soul, and gen'rous Actions show,
 The difference 'twixt a *Bourbon*, and *Nassau*?

To Night in humbler, yet as moving Strains,
 A wretched Fair of Virtue lost complains:
 Who can unmov'd such real Anguish hear?
 Who can refuse *Calista's* Woes a Tear?
 Yet all must own the Sentence just, tho' hard,
 And guilty Love but met its full reward.

Her Sorrows then, ye blooming Fair, approve,
 For they will stop th' attempts of lawless Love,
 Tho' Beauty great as yours shou'd each *LOTHARIO* move.





An EPILOGUE on the same Occasion,
Spoken by *Altamont*.

THE Licence ready, and the Ring bespoke!

The Day appointed, yet the Marriage broke!

Had ever Man before such hard Denial?

Why not a STOICK could have born this Tryal.

Yet faith I can't be forry for my Life,

But keep my Patience, tho' I've lost my Wife.

For spite of all her boasted Charms and Riches,

I ne'er cou'd bear a Spouse that wears the Breeches.

Yet stay, lets look around, here's One, Two, Three,
Five, Ten, nay Fifty faith, as fair as she.

But are ye all too as *Calista* Coy?
Not one amongst you that wou'd Wed a Boy?
But all of ye suspect and and fear at Heart,
That I cou'd ne'er perform the Husband's part?
I've heard that some on Boys like me had ventur'd,
Had not the scrup'lous Priest his Caveat enter'd.

Yet, shou'd you all refuse, I'll not complain,
But take me to the MUSES once again.
Those fair PLATONICKS easily are won,
No Youth was e'er by their Deceits undone.
Like Dames of old, they live in frugal way,
And are Content with elemental Tea.
Plain honest Girls, that hate a Man who flatters,
E'en more than modern Dames do Citron Waters.
No hopes of Chariot gilt can move their Breast,
They laugh at Coxcombs, tho' in Velvet Drest.

To them alone the Man of Sense is dear,
 No Beaux insipid Vows can please their Ear ;
 With rage from *Nonsense* and *Toupetts* they turn,
 And worse than Impotence ill-spelling scorn :
 Like them, Ye Fair, of *Britain's* happy ISLE,
 On Sense and Virtue, only deign to Smile ;
 'Tis those alone your Charms can truly move,
 For Fools and Coxcombs were not Born to Love.



Venus's HUE and CRY after Cupid.

IMITATED from *MOSCHUS*.

VENUS in Tears from Morn to Even,
 Sought CUPID lost all over Heaven.

Thro' ev'ry Mansion of the Skies,
 North, South, East, West, with speed she flies,
 And into ev'ry Corner pries.

}
 }
 }
 In

In vain, for no where can she Spy him,
Then loudly she begins to Cry him.

O yes ! whoever in his Road,
By chance shall meet Loves wand'ring God,
(For stroll'd this Morning out to Play,
My Rascal Boy has lost his way)
Who e'er can Tidings of him tell,
Shall be by me rewarded well ;
A glorious Boon he shall receive,
A Kiss from my own Lips I'll give.
But him that brings the Boy that's missing,
I'll Pay with *something* more than Kissing.
Now by his Shapes, his Looks, his Voice,
You'd know him among twenty Boys.
Like Fire all o'er his Body glows,
Fire from his sparkling Eye Balls flows ;
In his designs all mischiefs meet,
But tempting is his Voice, and sweet ;

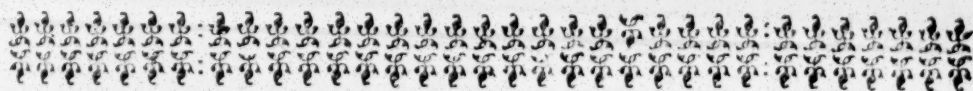
Sweet

Sweet as if *Hybla's* Honey sprung,
From ev'ry accent of his Tongue.
Yet in his little treach'rous Heart,
Dwells each deceitful cruel Art,
Falseness thro' all his Temper reigns,
And all his Joys are others Pains.
Long o'er his Shoulders flows his Hair,
As *Phæbus's* Golden Tresses fair.
Tender and small his Fingers are,
Yet great their Force : far, very far
And sure they throw the wounding Dart,
And e'en in Hell reach *Pluto's* Heart ;
Nor Gates with Iron ever barr'd,
Nor *Lethe's* Lake their Flight retard.
With Wings, much like my Doves, stretch'd out
Th' extensive World he roams about,
O'er Male, or Female Bosom hovers,
Nor heeds what Pains he gives poor Lovers.

Now

Now wou'd you know what Arms he wears,
Nor Sword he ever bore, nor Spears ;
A gilded Bow he only carries,
And Quiver charg'd with slender Arrows,
Full small they are, yet far they fly,
And Soar beyond the topmost Sky ;
Nor *Jove* with all his Thunders grac'd,
Beyond these Arrows reach is plac'd.
Not I, with all a Mother's pow'r,
Can from their Wounds my Heart secure,
If then this straggling Boy you find,
His Arms and Legs relentless bind.
Let not his Tears or Sobblings move,
Least you too late his Treach'ry prove.
Nor tho' he Laughs, and flatt'ring Smiles,
Give Credit to his various Wiles :
But bind him faster, and with speed
Bring him and take the Prize decreed.

Or thou'd he Cry, and to you say,
 For Freedom all I'm worth I'll pay ;
 My fav'rite Bow I will resign,
 My Quiver and my Darts be thine.
 The treach'rous Gifts, good Swain, forbear,
 Avoid them with a prudent Fear ;
 From them ten thousand Dangers flow,
 Ting'd with ten thousand Flames they glow,
 Destruction scarce more certain flies
 From *Sidney's* Air, or *Morden's* Eyes.



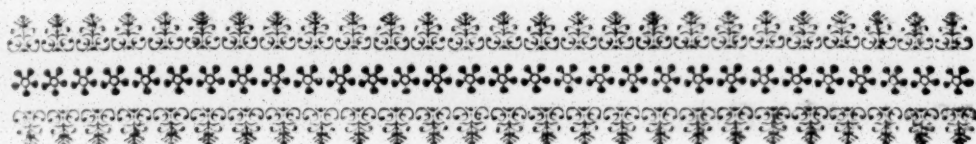
On a Young L A D Y's weeping at the
 FAIR PENITENT.

CALISTA's hapless Fate, her guilty Flame,
 And peace of Mind exchange'd for endless Shame.
 In deep Attention fix'd, whilst *Myra* hears,
 Behold the tender Maid dissolv'd in Tears.

See ! o'er her Crimfon Cheeks how fast they flow,
Which look like Morning Rofes wet with Dew.
Not fo th' ill-natur'd Prude —— with haughty Mind
She triumphs in the Faults of Woman-kind ;
Exults with Joy to hear of Nymphs betray'd,
And bleffes Heav'n —— that ſhe has never ſtray'd.
Far other motions felt thy Gentle Heart,
In the fall'n Fair's Diſtreſs thou bear'ſt a part ;
With Sympathetick Tears lament her Woe,
Tears which from Innocence and Nature flow ;
And griev'ſt that Beauty, bright as thine, ſhou'd prove
A prey to looſe Deſire, and guilty Love.

Oh ! may this ſad example warn the Fair
Of Man, falſe Man, with caution to beware.
And, Oh ! may'ſt thou, thou charming Maid, learn hence
To keep thy Soul a ſtranger to Offence,

To fly betimes the first approach of Ill,
To let thy Duty dictate to thy Will ;
So shalt thou wisely shun the fatal Snare,
Nor want that Pity which thou show'st for her.



An EPISTLE to —

Written by Moon-Light.

(1)

AS o'er the wide extended Plain,
By *Cynthia's* trembling Light I rode,
Whilst all the beauteous starry Train,
In silent Concert hymn'd their God.

(2)

To Heav'n, and Thee, my raptur'd Soul
Dear charming Maid, alternate flew :

Now

Now wander'd far as Pole from Pole,
Now quick returning fix'd on you.

(3)

From thee again to Heav'n, my Fair,
My soaring Fancy took its Flight ;
Nor cou'd it form a Seraph there
So sweet to Sense, so dear to Sight.

(4)

When you to those blest Seats repair,
How small the change you shall endure !
Thou want'st not, to be welcom'd there,
A form more bright, a Soul more pure.

(5)

But oh! Before that Day shall come,
May I give up my willing Breath ;
Nor wait to mourn, Oh ! Dismal Doom !
Thy loss — a far more bitter Death.

Bereav'd

(6.)

Bereav'd of thee, my better Part,

What comfort cou'd thy Damon know ?

Break, rather break, my tortur'd Heart,

Than only live, to live in Woe.

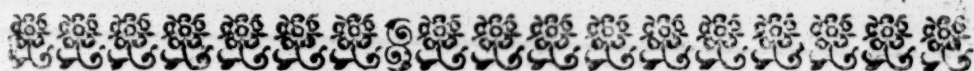
(7.)

With thee, my best, my sole Desire,

For endless Ages wou'd I live :

Nor ever cou'd my Soul aspire

To joys beyond what thou can'st give.



An EPISTLE

To Mr. *J.W.* at *Poplar*.

Camb. July 21. 1730.

WHilst you, my Friend, on Poplar's Shore receive
The ev'ry blifs that Man can ask or have;

At worthy *NELLY*'s hospitable Seat

In Learned Ease from *London*'s Dust retreat ;

M

Accept

Accept these Lines which fond Affection drew,
These Lines which Friendship told me long were due ;
While I far diff'rent Scenes condemn'd to bear,
Must the dull round of College Duties share,
Fortune her Fav'rite of such Loads has eas'd,
Not plagu'd with *Logick*, nor by *Euclid* teaz'd ;
What e'er is Gay, magnificent, polite,
Unask'd flows in, and courts you to Delight.
Here *Greenwich* Domes in pompous Order rise,
There far stretch'd Greens invite the ravish'd Eyes.
There roll your River's wide extended Waves,
That on its Side uncrouded Fleets receives.
See ! Ships adorn'd with either *India's* Freight,
Unload their Treasures at their Masters Feet,
And confluent Stores of utmost Nations meet.
In their rich Product on our *Thames* are seen
Arabia, Turkey, China, and Japan.

Thus you to fresh Delights, each Morn, awake,
 Perhaps in Park your Ev'ning FRESKO take,
 Now cheer with Verse each solitary Grove,
 And consecrate the Song to Liberty, or Love.

Oh! Happy thou! Whom pleasure's easy Joy
 And Learning thus alternately employ.
 What ever Task thy busy Mind engage
 The GREEK, the ROMAN, or the MODERN Page,
 What ever part of Classic Ground you tread,
 The Sage Historian, or the Poet Read;
 Or on thy Maps with studious Pleasure gaze,
 View *Ganges*, *Nile*, the *Danube*, or the *Maeße*,
 And single out the track that leads to *India's* Seas.

Now you enjoy the Friend, whose ev'ry Thought
 Travels have Polish'd, and Experience Taught;
 Methinks I over hear the friendly Chat
 Of *Pekin*, *Siam*, *Agra*, or *Surat*,

M 2

While

While N E L L Y tells of distant Countries past,
 Runs o'er in happy Talk the farthest East,
 How Armies thunder on the Banks of *Ind*,
 How Savage *Hottentots* debase Mankind :
 Shews where *Batavia*'s stately Bulwarks stand,
 Where *Holland* founds on plunder its Command,
 And *British* Blood enrich'd *Amboyna*'s Land.



An E P I S T L E

To Mr. — at C A M B R I D G E.

POPLAR, Aug. 13. 1739.

L E S S grateful to the Trav'ler's Thirst,
 Unlook'd for Riv'lets flow,
 Or to the Mariner becalm'd
 Brisk Gales arising blow,

Than

Than was thy Letter to thy Friend ;

Not more pleas'd is thy Eye

When in our lofty Chapel's Stall

It some fair Nymph doth Spy ;

Or when to *Burſar's* Meſs thou'rt call'd,

And gladſome as a KING,

The luſty Marrow-bone doſt graſp,

Or tear the Pullets Wing ;

While humble Scholar Mutton tugs,

Or jokes upon the Text,

Or like poor *Iſrael's* hungry Tribe,

Deſcending Fowl expects.

Thou o'er fair *Granta's* pleaſing Fields

Now manumiz'd doſt ſtray,

And I with gracious *Furlo* Bleſs'd

Unjob'd can Sport and Play.

Yet in unbounded freedom curs'd,

Thy absence I complain,

And when to thee I shall return,

Again returns my Chain.

Yet thus let's baffle Fortune's Pow'r,

Thus often let us meet,

Thus in firm Friendship's Pleasures dwell,

For what's like Friendship Sweet?

Tho' sunk in down, by Silks secur'd

Till Ten each Morn I Sleep,

Tho' round my ev'ry waking Hour,

New Joys their Vigils keep;

Tho' while in various Thought I fet,

Fair prospects greet my Eyes,

Where on the verdant Banks of *Thames*

Great *Jones's* Labours rise;

To

Yet these, all these I'd freely quit,

And to dull *Cam* resort,

To take one serious Pint with Thee

Of best old *Mitre* Port :

Joyless thro' *Greenwich* Courts I rove,

Or *Thames's* Bosom Press;

Tho' there the Pencil's charming Pow'r ;

Here Musick strives to please.

While no one Equal Shares my Joys

With Arrack tho' smiles the Bowl,

'Tis but a Tasteless ease I feel,

Untouch'd, unpleas'd my Soul.





An ANSWER

To the foregoing EPISTLE.

NOT *India's* Gems, nor costly Silks
Work'd by some *Persian* Bride,

Not all *JAPAN* in Skreens display'd,

Nor *China's* boasted Pride,

Not Ingots, nor with Citrons fill'd

Rich Flasks of largest Size,

More joyful had thy Friend unpack'd,

Or deem'd a nobler Prize,

Than the kind Meed of gentle Verse

Breath'd by a faithful MUSE;

Than moving Language from a Breast,

Which warm with Friendship glows.

How

How faint, when fiction o'er the Page

Her brightest Rays has flung,

Are fabled Airs to bluntest Truths,

Dropt from an honest Tongue !

Think then how Friendship's glowing thought

In Musick's Voice must please,

And *Rudiard's* Manly plainness mixt

With *Waller's* sprightly Ease !

Nor has the POET sung in vain,

Nor lost the MUSES Claim ;

W——y approves the fav'rite lays,

And M——y gives thee Fame.

C——r hung o'er the darling Page,

And kifs'd th' harmonious Lines ;

The SCHOLAR's Table rears her Head,

Nor her hard Fate repines.

With

With Scorn the untasted LOBSTER views,

Nor heeds the dainty Bit ;

Whilst in thy polish'd Strains pourtray'd,

Her little SENATE sit.



V E R S E S

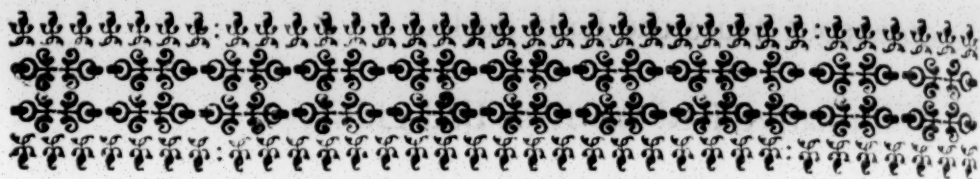
Wrote Extempore in the first Leaf of
Euclid's Elements.

LET Souls that in a lower Circle move,
What they affirm with nice Exactness prove ;
What plodding *Euclid* says let others hear,
The Soul Poetick knows a higher Sphere.
Beauty in all its various Forms can view,
Nor Demonstration needs to prove it true ;

Can see the Piles that in just order rise
With higher Joy, with more delighted Eyes,
Than he, who by his dull mechanic Trade,
Squar'd ev'ry Stone, and each in order laid.
I Envy not the Man whose skill can show,
If conically true the Firr-Trees grow ;
Who from a gay *Parterre* no Joy receives,
But what the Box in ANGLES rising gives :
Who looks on Paint with Geometrick Eyes,
And nought, but well rang'd perspective, can prize.
If that be wanting, *Raphael* he'll disdain,
And *Michael* Frowns, and *Psyche* Smiles in vain.



To



To CÆLIA at Her TOILET.

LET Nymphs less Bright, with nicest Care,
 Their else too feeble Charms improve ;
 Learn from their Glass a softer Air,
 And teach their Smiles to kindle Love ;

Lay ev'ry Hair with studious Art,
 Place ev'ry patch with just Design,
 Bid ev'ry Dimple know its part,
 Each ruddy Lip its forces join.

Thy perfect Charms might well despise
 Each labour'd elegance of Dress ;
 No Art can e'er improve those Eyes,
 No plainness make their Lustre less.

Spontaneous white the Lilly decks,

With native Red the Rose Bud glows,

Charming beyond the borrow'd streaks

In which the gaudiest Tulip blows :

Thus will th' admiring World confess,

Fair CÆLIA, thy unpurchas'd Charms ;

Those genuine Smiles thy only Dress,

Those killing Eyes, thy surest Arms.

Nor less thy faithful Swain wou'd Love,

Tho' Sicknefs turn'd thy Beauties pale ;

Truth, Wit, and Sense will ever move,

Tho' CERUSS and VERMILLION fail.



On



On a COUPLE lately Married.

LET softer Pens declare the Virgin's Praise,
 And with the Bloom of Beauty gild their Lays;
 Tell what enchantments hover round Fifteen,
 How gay the Look, how sprightly is the Mien,
 How red the Lip, how jetty black the Hair,
 How soft the Bosom, and the Cheek how fair.
 Charms more confirm'd my Numbers shall rehearse,
 To Love's unalt'ring Pow'r be consecrate my Verse.
 To Love, who scorns to wound with Vulgar Darts,
 To Love, whose Throne's not rais'd on Female Arts;
 But fills the Soul with rational Desires,
 With Flames that Burn like *Vesta's* constant Fires;
 With one unfully'd, Chaste, and steady Ray,
 Nor, but with Life's exhausted Lamp, decay.

With

With these he warm'd *Eugenio's* faithful Heart,
Of these fair *Anna* felt the pleasing Smart.
First, by the silent Language of the Eyes,
Each knew the Motive of the other's Sighs ;
A thousand Conscious Looks they Daily stole,
And in each Feature read the speaking Soul.
The Cheek with red perfus'd, the down-cast Eye,
The Breast that strove to stop the rising Sigh,
Told what the readier Tongue would gladly speak,
Durst it the Bonds of modest Silence break.
Strong Love at length each bashful Fear o'ercame,
And arm'd with Innocence surmounted shame.
Th' advent'rous Swain no more his Flame conceals,
The Nymph by Ill dissembling her's reveals ;
And by Herself unknowingly betray'd,
Owns all the weakness of a Love-sick Maid.
Yet with a Modest Virgin's decent Pride,
She strove t' excuse the Flame she cou'd not hide.

Words that wou'd melt the rugged *Scythian's* Heart,
 Or to the frozen Hermit warmth impart,
 Fell from her trembling Lips ———

On each soft found the Swain with rapture dwells;
 And with new streams of Love his Bosom swells.
 The thousand Charms, that first his Soul did move,
 Now are his least, his lightest Plea for Love.

The well turn'd Shape, the Skin as Iv'ry white,

The panting Bosom, seat of young Delight,

The sprightly sparkling Eyes serenely Bright;

He views as kindly Stars that led the Way

To *Anna's* beauteous Mind, that Source of perfect Day.

From that alone substantial Joy he feels,

From that, where ev'ry pleasing Virtue dwells.

Good Sense adds Lustre to the brightest Eye,

And soft Compliance join'd with Modesty

Will clear the swarthy *Lybian's* darkest Dye,

Nor *Helen's* Beauty can with *Orra's* Virtue vie.

Who then can tell the Joys *Eugenio* knows,
 When Beauty yields, and Virtue hears his Vows,
 When all his Wishes to Perfection came,
 When *Hymen* lit the Torch, and *CUPID* blew the Flame?
 Thou, O my Soul, such Joys must never own
 Who only know'st the Pain of *Cælia's* Frown.



TO a GENTLEMAN in LOVE
 with a NEGRO Woman.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. 2. Od. 4.

By a FRIEND.

DON'T Blush, dear Sir, your Flame to own,
 Your sable Mistress to Approve;

Thy Passion other Breasts have known,

And Heroes justify your Love.

N

By

By *Æthiopian* Beauty mov'd,

Perseus was clad in Martial Arms ;

And the World's Lord too feeble prov'd

For *Cleopatra's* jetty Charms.

What tho' no fickly White and Red,

With short liv'd Pride adorn the Maid ?

The deeper YEW, its LEAVES ne'er Shed,

While ROSES and while LILLIES Fade.

What tho' no conscious blush Appear ;

The Tincture of a guilty Skin ?

Her's is a Colour that will wear,

And honest Black ne'er harbours Sin.

Think'ft thou such Blood, in Slaves can roll,

Think'ft thou such Lightnings can arise,

Such Pow'r was lodg'd to pierce the Soul,

In vulgar and Plebeian Eyes ?

No, Sir, by Air, and Form, and Dress,

Thy Fusca, of uncommon Race,

No doubt an *Indian* Princess is ;

And swarthy King's her Lineage Grace.

Such decent Modesty and Ease ! —

But, least my Rapture be Suspected,

Cease, prying jealous Lover, cease,

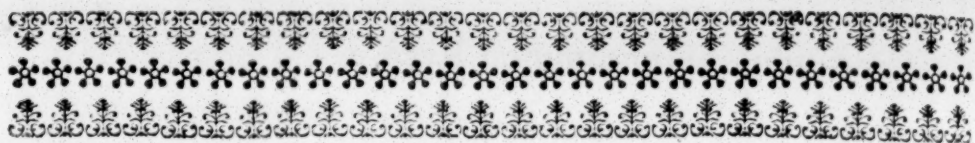
Nor judge the Muse too much Affected.

Me paler *Northern* Beauties move,

My Bosom other Darts receives,

Think not I'll Toast an *Indian* Love,

While *Fielding* or a *Shirley* Lives.



Imitation of *Horace*, LIB. 2. Od. 8.

By the Same.

WOULD Heav'n by one imperfect Hair
 Barine's thousand Charms disgrace,

If on thy Teeth one Speck were seen,

Or smallest Freckle on thy Face :

Wou'd God's in Wrath a Pimple fend,

I possibly might turn Believer.

But now, the more at large you Sin,

You look more killingly than ever.

You, each Hearts Flame, the reigning Toast,

May snuggly err, secure from Harm,

Each Guilt enlightens Beauty's Power,

Each broken Vow improves a Charm.

Then

Then it avails, dear wicked Fair,
To trick thy Mother's peaceful Shade,
While conscious Stars in Silence roll,
And Gods applaud the perjur'd Maid.

Venus no doubt the Cheat approves,
And in *Barine's* Cause is hearty,
While *CUPID* shooting from her Eyes ;
Is Lifted in the Virgins Party.

Fond of thy Yoke, our Captive Youth
Thy softest Bonds and Empire own ;
Each subject Swain, great Queen of Love,
Submissive bends before thy Throne.

Thy old Gallants still hover round,
Nor can thy haunted Chamber leave,
The Flames that threaten'd to Expire,
Their ancient Lustre now retrieve.

Thee, fair one, thee each Mother fears,

Thee each suspicious tender Bride,

Thy Air may captivate her Lord,

And cut the Knot which *Hymen* ty'd.



The TRAVELS of a SHILLING, Imitated
from the TATLER.

By the Same.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus —*

THE busie Paths of active Men
Treading this foolish worldly Scene ;
(With fruitless Strife whilst ev'ry Age
Is bustling thro' a crouded Stage.)
My sad reflective Thoughts engage,
Till soft repose and Gentle rest,
Hush'd ev'ry Tumult of the Breast ;

And

And my Ideas, still the same,
Thus rang'd themselves into a Dream.

Methought ! a Shilling, round and fair,
In Silver founds harangu'd my Ear ;
Which from its usual Prison freed,
Chanc'd on my Table to be laid :
And op'ning soft its polish'd Mouth,
Related this Historick Truth.

Here, Critick, spare the cross Objection,
Nor sneer my Tale as Idle fiction ;
TRIPODS, you know, in *Homer* walk,
And *Bacon's* Head, tho' Brass, cou'd Talk.
Thus, as our use, or whim requires,
(Things known to modern Theatres)
Unheard of Prodigies advance,
Tea Pots may Sing, and Chairs can Dance.

“ ME fair *Peruvia*’s Climate nourish’d,
Where long our Family has flourish’d ;
Witness the Bright continu’d Vein,
That thro’ the Earth’s wide Bosom ran,
E’er since the Sun with genial pow’r
First visited our fultry Shore.
But fearing my dear Country’s Fate,
And fir’d ’gainst *Spain* with inbred hate ;
Least I in Triumph shou’d be carried
In GALLEONS Prisoner to *Madrid* :
There wear the Habit of my Foes,
Their Spectacles and Mustachoes !
(Better to live in utmost FINLAND)
I e’en took Ship with *Drake* for ENGLAND.

Then good *Eliza*’s happy fway
Adorn’d the ISLE, and blest the SEA.

Soon

Soon as we reach'd fam'd *London's* Shore,
I was conducted to the TOWER ;
There by the ARTIST's curious pow'r,
And quick'ning Touch ; no shapeless Ore
As Whilom lay, but in each Feature
Improv'd, I look'd a different Creature ;
And chang'd in Form, in Mien, and Dress,
To my surprize, became *Queen Bess*.
A RUFF about my Neck was plac'd,
My Hands a Globe and Sceptre grac'd ;
And in a beauteous Round displaid,
Fair Titles deck'd my letter'd Head.

Thus by the COINER's forming bounty,
I seem'd a Native of the Country ;
And, priviledg'd to roam, my mind
To Travel strangely was inclin'd.
'Twas LIBERTY's alluring Smile,
That drew me to her fav'rite Isle.

Too long in close Confinement pent,
No sooner had I left the MINT,
But strait in active Commerce run
To ev'ry Corner of the Town ;
In ev'ry Square, and Street, and Alley,
From *Tower-hill*, to *Piccadilly*.
Or when my dwelling I wou'd change,
And in some Suburb choose to range,
My loco-motive Face was seen
At *Hamstead*, or at *Turnham-Green*.

In Lodgings better, or in worse,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse,
In Galligaskins whole or torn,
To Market, Tavern, Playhouse born :
Now on a MERCER'S Counter seated,
Now in a BREWER'S Pocket sweated.

Sometimes was honour'd with a Place
In *Cælia's*, or in *Chloe's* Grace ;
There took my temporary stand,
And often touch'd the beauteous Hand.
In a fair Station hap'ly blest,
Where KINGS wou'd give their Crowns to rest :
E'en left the Service with content,
Upon some pretty Errand sent.
What mighty Kindness have I shown
To each Possessor in his turn ?
When Stomach did for Victuals ach,
I've treated M A C E R with a Stake :
When the B E A U fear'd a Show'rs approach,
For a spruce T E M P L A R got a Coach.
With me what S T U D E N T e'er in Cloysters,
Or sigh'd for Ale, or pin'd for Oysters ?
So happy was the fav'rites Cafe,
Whose honour'd Fob I deign'd to grace,

Say,

Say, C H Y M I S T, say, what cou'd be done
More, had you found your fancy'd Stone ?

Thus I in restless Journey went,
From Place to Place, from *Twede* to *Kent*.
When my ill Stars in cruel Seizure,
Convey'd me to a griping M I S E R.
Where many crowded Tribes I found
Of my Relations in a Pound :
Unhappy Brotherhood ! oppress'd
In the close Dungeon of a Chest.

There numerous Years in Bondage past,
Till the Old D O T A R D breath'd his last.
At the Young L O R D's commanding Voice,
The Box flies Open in a Trice :
Again we see the S U N's dear Face,
Again renew our jolly Race ;

To diff'rent Parts away we pack,
For Brandy one, and one for Sack.

In *BRITAIN* thus when Monarch dies,
And Royal Heir his Place supplies ;
Thro' *Newgate* joyous Cries are heard,
The Debtor freed, the Prison clear'd.

Thence I continu'd much the same
In Honour, Figure, and Esteem ;
Till the fam'd *SOUTH-SEA*'s flatt'ring Year,
When Palaces were rais'd in Air ;
As the fond Schemer ey'd my Figure,
Methought I look'd some Inches bigger.

But one adventure o'er the Rest,
(A thousand else in Silence past)
Is deeply Printed on my Breast.



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Once then, the Tale perhaps you'll stare at,

My prefence blefs'd Poetick *Garret*.

When the Bard smit with eager Zeal,

A while forgot his Cheefe and Ale.

Preferr'd me to the fairest Dame,

Near *Vaga's* Bank, or *Severn's* Stream :

Invok'd each MUSE my Charms to tell,

That on his native Mountains dwell.

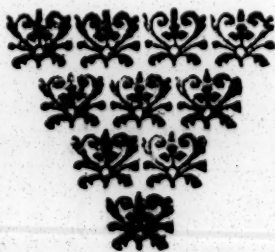
And while in Verse my Praise he sketches,

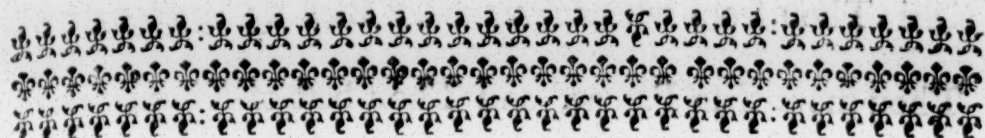
Regretted less his tatter'd Breeches.

Thus a glad MUSES Hands I fell in,

(A People which I feldom deal in)

And hence the POET's splendid SHILLING.





VERSES,

Wrote on the 2d. of FEBRUARY.

In Memory of King *Henry VI.*
 Founder of the College of
Eton, and of *Kings-College*,
 at CAMBRIDGE.

By the Same.

THE circling Months in happy Order past
 — Lead on the Solemn Day and Annual Feast;
 While conscious Joys each grateful Breast inspire,
 Provoke our Thanks, and all the Muses Fire:
 Her Voice the meanest of the Nine wou'd raise,
 Bring in the little Tribute of her Lays,
 Chime with the CHOR, and join in *Henry's* Praise

Oh!

Oh! Thou from whence our ev'ry Blessing Springs,
Thou more than Parent, and Thou best of Kings,
Thee shall Devotion ever Hymning own
Her strict Assertor, and her fav'rite Son.

No Papal Legends, Consecrated Lies,
Shall o'er thy Merit cast their spurious Dyes ;
Dull Monkish Miracles, and daubing Paint,
That wrong the Man, to Canonize the Saint.
Thy Glories best in real Drefs appear,
And only Ecchoe, what thy works Declare.

Thou to the poor did'st ope the friendly Gate,
Shelter'd and guarded from the Storms of Fate ;
Under thy Roof to be more nobly us'd,
You rais'd them in your Arms, and Royal Warmth infus'd.
Bid them from thee, expect their daily Food,
And learn the glorious Lesson T O B E G O O D :

Taught

Taught us above our native Hutts to Spring,
To spurn the scanty Nest, and spread a bolder Wing.

Look down, good *Henry*, from thy blisful Sphere,
See all thy Sons in comely rank Appear,
Here the great *Pearson*, and a *Fleetwood* there.
See! Hence, what Glories on thy *Albion* Shone,
A *Mitred* Offspring, and a GARTER'D Son;
Read in the List, whom Treaty made renowns,
Daring to mediate 'twixt contending Crowns ;
Dex trous when Kings, and angry Nations jar,
To stop the falling Sword, and check impending War.

Thy works beyond the reach of Age proclaim
In living Characters, their Author's Fame:
Fit for the great Inhabitant's Abode,
Awfully high, and worthy of a God.

No cumbrous Gothick, of enormous Size,
Heaves into Air, and swells the aching Eyes.
In beauteous Symmetry, the Piles Advance,
With all the Pomp of simple Elegance.
Here soften'd Stones the downy Rose express,
And figur'd Glafs a *Raphael's* Touch confefs.
Contending Arts together meet Display'd,
Self-balanc'd hangs the Roof, and scorns the Pillars Aid,

Let CAM, where e'er his kindred Waters roll,
What he has feen, declare to either Pole:
Tell *Jordan's* Flood, and *Israel's* wond'ring lands
That, on his Banks, a Rival TEMPLE stands.

No painful Tax, by groaning BRITAIN paid,
Heighten'd our Walls, or wider Arches spread.
Let Murder, Fraud, and Tyranny combine
To raise the Spire, and gild the foreign Shrine;
Uncensur'd Charity our Building rears,
Shock'd by no plaint, and sullied by no Tears;

Nor

Nor shall be lost the Panegyric Verse
Drown'd by the Orphan's cries, and Subject's Curse.
The charitable Stores, which still we have,
Not the KING's Pow'r, but *Henry's* bounty gave.

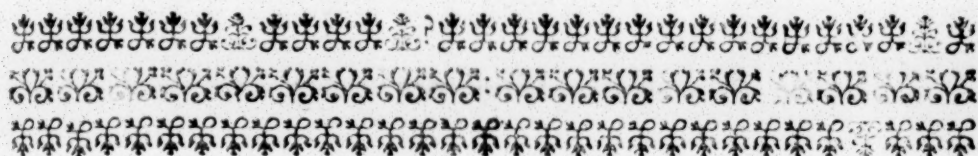
Oh! Had kind Fate prolong'd his peaceful Days,
In hoary Goodness, and respected Ease;
What Structures then, had rose to *Granta's* View!
But oh! Just as the ripening Wonders grew,
Just as the Tree began to Form a Shade,
And gath'ring Boughs a kindly Covert made,
The cruel Spoiler with oppressive Wrath
Struck off the sacred Top, and wither'd all the Growth.

Oh! Where were then the sacred Spirits flown
That us'd to hedge in *KINGS*, and Shield the Throne,
When by the bloody Traitor's curst Steel,
The first, and best of Men, the Godlike *Henry* fell?

But see! new Walls shoot up, and Domes aspire,
 That *France* may envy, and e'en *Rome* admire;
 Yet still the Work expects its destin'd height
 Imperfect, and disturbs the troubled Sight.

Thus, as the Year its certain round repeats,
Henry, on Thee distinguish'd Honour waits.
 For thee shall future *Plinys* Columns rear,
 For thee, the Muse her annual Wreath prepare:
 Thy goodly Deeds remotest Times relate,
 And from thy glorious *Æra* take their Date.
 What tho' thy Sire in Battle dauntless stood,
 And snatch'd from *France* her LILLIES steep'd in Blood?
 Others in Tracks of Death may hunt Renown,
 And on the Fate of thousands raise a Throne,
 While on thy Head, more lasting OLIVES grow,
 Give the just LAUREL to thy Father's Brow;
 Be he the Son of *Mars*, the pious *Numa* thou.

Soon will the Victor's Colours fade away,
 Th' Inscription moulder, and the Bust decay ;
 These new rais'd Walls from Age their Fate receive,
 The Dome may perish, but thy Praise shall Live.



The SONG of MOSES,

Imitated from the 15th CHAPTER of
 EXODUS.

By the Same.

NOW from the forded Main had *Israel's* Sons
 Saluted far *Arabia's* spicy Clime ;
 Guided by wonders, and th' Almighty Arm
 Their March befriending: They in grateful Choir,
 (While Hallelujah's reach the Throne of Heav'n)
 Sound forth their raptur'd Thanks, and joyful Sing.

“ Thee, mighty God of Arms, at whose dread Will
 War turns its dubious Force, and Victory
 Inclines her Laurel, where thy Pleasure Points,
 Thee, whom tumultuous Seas, and fighting Winds
 Submissive hear; Thee, great Deliverer,
 We chaunt, Eternal Subject of our Song.

J E H O V A is our Theme : To him each Voice
 Be tun'd, and often dwell upon his Name,
 Who broke the Pow'r of *Egypt*, who trod down
 Riders and flound'ring Steeds ; who mock'd the vaunts,
 Of impious *Pharaoh*. — He in haughty State ;
 From his exalted C A R, in furly Pride,
 Look'd down upon his humble Foes ; and deem'd
 To ride the Seas, and Scourge the Flight of *Israel* ;
 Unknowing that he fought against the Force,
 Of God Omnipotent, nor saw the Shield
 Of Heav'n Display'd, encompassing our Ranks.

When

When lo! the yawning Deep disparts, the Floods,
Whilom so restless, roll into a Heap,
And carefully compose their chrystal Battlements.
By whose Behests, the Waters first leap'd forth,
By him again are laid, on either Hand
Suspended stand the Waves, and fear to Bath
Our hallow'd Steps: While we securely Trod,
Where er't LEVIATHANS unweildy Play'd.

We saw their distant floating Cavalry,
Where thousands crouding round their Tyrant KING,
Half cover'd the broad Gulph, we heard their Taunts,
And Hostile Menaces from far — “ Come on
Where Vengeance prompts us, and the Spoil invites,
Let's spurn the feeble Host beneath our Wheels.

Sudden the Heav'ns, warring in our Cause,
From their Aerial Treasures pour'd Amain
Tempests and Storms, the rising Billows rage,

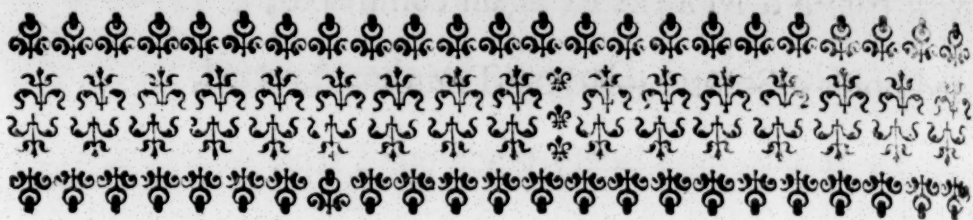
Inspirited

Inspirited by angry Winds, and drive
Full on presumptuous *Pharaoh's* Ranks — they funk,
Like some vast Navy, that had hapless struck
On some rough rising Rock, or pointed Shelves,
And with promiscuous Wreck strew half the Seas.
Thus at God's Voice, the troubled Waves arose,
Thus at his Breath, the proud *Egyptian* fell ;
Peopling the nether deeps. God overthrew
Chariot and Horse ; again, and oft repeat
God overthrew the Chariot, and the Horse.

What ! To thy dread Divinity, great KING,
Can highest Praise, and loftiest thought Proportion ?
What so Divine, so Arduous, so Exalted,
But Shrinks, if plac'd near thee, and flies Comparison,
Whom Demi-Gods Obey, and Menial Cherubs !

Warn'd

Warn'd by thy stretch'd out Hand, the gaping Earth
Op'd for her Prey : Dangers, by thee Averted,
Far off recede, and Safety tends our Paths.
See ! what fair Countries, court us to Possession,
A second P A R A D I S E, where Nature Smiles
Deck'd in her gayest Robes, our destin'd Realm!
See ! frequent Miracles mark out a Passage,
The Close-por'd Rock by *Moses*' Pow'r chafis'd
Burst's into Streams, and cheers the dusty Wild.
Lo ! sudden Terror runs thro' all the Nations !
See Pale astonish'd K I N G S ! See tott'ring Walls
Vanquish'd by sound — Hail, great J E H O V A, Hail,
Eternal, ruling Pow'r ! God overthrew
Rider and Horse ; again, and oft repeat
God overthrew the Rider and the Horse.



V E R S E S

On the Twenty Ninth of *May*;

By the S A M E.

——— *Tanton' placuit concurrere motu,
Jupiter, æterna gentes in pace futuras ?*



ILD *Anarchy* is hush'd, and discontent
Burning no more, perceives its Fury spent ;
Nor at the Throne directs the daring Blow,
That struck the Diadem from *Cæsar's* Brow :

At length *BRITANNIA* bends to *Charles* restor'd,
And Rebel Kingdoms own a rightful LORD.

Sav'd by propitious Gods, and FORTUNE'S Shield,
From *Hostile* Camps, and *Worc'ster's* bloody Field.

Now banish'd M A J E S T Y again commands,
And holds a Sceptre foil'd by Traitors Hands.

At his approach relenting Faction weeps,
And fullen Rage on broken Armour sleeps.
Rebellion sees the Carnage she has made,
Her Torch expiring, and of Light afraid,
Descends to greet her Darling *Cromwell's* shade.

Too long mad *Britons* by each other Slain,
Repeated here *Pharsalia's* dreadful Scene.
From a small Spark the gath'ring Flame encreas'd,
With sweeping Ruin thro' the Island past,
Burnt down whole FORESTS, and laid CITIES waste.
While restless Tumults rage, and giddy Fray,
While Discord founds her Trump, and *Fairfax* leads the
Way.
Distracted Realms at rising *Cinnas* shake,
And other *Catilines* in *Cromwell* wake.

Unruly

Unruly Spirits ! Ignorant of Ease,
That rent off Crowns, and thook a Nation's Peace,
That proudly o'er debas'd Religion trod,
Secure of Conscience, human Laws, and God.

Here mangled Shrines avert the pious Eye,
And there in Dust the trampled *Crossiers* lye.
Some, grasping at wide Sway, Ambition fires,
And some, devoutly Cruel, Zeal inspires ;
In diff'rent Masks they Veil their Latent shame,
To gilded Ill prefix a specious Name,
Under good LIBERTY's disguise escape,
And dress up *Tyranny* in *Freedom's* shape.

Such Ravage *Albion* ne'er before survey'd,
Not when the stubborn BARONS disobey'd,
Nor when the Rival ROSES were display'd.

Popular Fury, and seditious Hate,
Unpeopled Countries, and bore down the State.
The bold Conspirators still onward trod,
Nor stopp'd, till glutted with a MONARCH'S Blood;
Their full grown rage to ripen'd Mischief bring,
To more exalted Guilt, and scaffolding a KING.

Oh! let not sad remembrance call to Light
Those Scenes that shun our view, and ask for darkest Night.
Since now no more dejected *BRITAIN* mourns,
While *PEACE* sits Smiling, and a *Charles* returns:
From dang'rous Exile, and from Want releas'd,
(What Perils baffled! and what Tempests past!)
Condemn'd to bear the Drudgeries of Fate,
On whose resolves the World must, one Day, wait.
Now, in some bleaker Cottage, sought a Bed,
And now in marshy Wilds, like *Marius* hid.

Yet

Yet still the Gods their pitying Succour lend,
Afford him shelter, and from Wrongs defend.
For him the O A K s their verdant Umbrage spread,
And Hospitably form the closest Shade ;
The busy *Dryads* kind Assistance bring,
Industrious to protect an injur'd K I N G .
Told the pleas'd Groves they never cou'd contain
A charge more precious than their S O V E R E I G N ;
Tho' loaded they return with Gems and Gold,
The costly Tribute of an Eastern World.

Thus guardian Pow'rs were arm'd in *Stuart's* Cause,
By them inspir'd the gen'rous P A T R I O T rose ;
With inward Sorrow for his Country griev'd,
Was nobly False, and splendidly deceiv'd ;
From his ill height to pull th' Ufurper down,
And fix a lawful M O N A R C H in his Throne.

As the proud N A V Y nearer floats to Land,
See! confluent Crouds in thickest Order stand;
To their new L O R D the joyous *Britons* Bow,
And on their Temples wear the *Typick* Bough:
With eager Pleasure, and strong Transport struck,
Demand a nearer Glance, and hang upon his Look.
The K I N G their Zeal, and publick Love receives,
And 'midst acclaiming Nations shouts arrives;
Not louder Peals cou'd *ENGLAND's* Joy proclaim
When *Brunswick* landed, or when *Nassau* came.

Then glad *BRITANNIA*, raising up her Head,
Felt her Wounds heal'd, and fir'd with Rapture said.

“ At length then Arms, and madding Trumpets cease,
Restless Sedition softens into Ease:

No more my crimson'd Banks with Slaughter sweat,
No more my Mountains form a Rebels Fleet.

But

But o'er my gleby Fields, and fruitful Isle,
 Peace Plants her Olives, and young Blessings smile.
 Justice, no more by lawless Pow'r despis'd,
 Sees her Sword brandish'd, and her Ballance pois'd.

Now ARTS and LEARNING their bright Stores display
 Here Wit shall flourish, and the MUSES play.
 See! Budding Wreaths, and Laurel Chaplets spring,
 Each Science reigns, Each Bard exalts his wing,
 A *Clarendon* shall write, and *Dryden* sing.

From this great *Æra*, this auspicious Hour,
 My growing Sway begins, my Naval Pow'r,
 And dreaded FLEETS to utmost *Indus* run,
 And stretch my Empire to the rising SUN.

From *Java* shall black Embassies resort
 To my tall Palaces, and pompous Court ;

Shall fly from underneath the scorching ZONE,
And seek Protection from a *Northern* Throne.

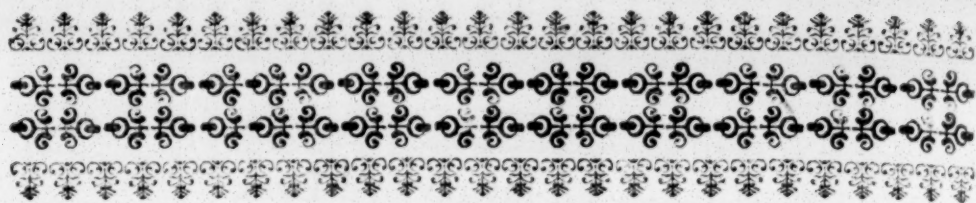
Hence, onward as I dart my ravish'd Eyes,
What Scenes of Glory, and what Triumphs rise?

Behind my Shield *Germania* trembling lies,
And routed *FRANCE* before my Standard flies;
By *Edward* taught the *BRITISH* Might she fears,
Or aw'd by *Churchill's* Arms, or *Walpole's* Cares.

See! the gay Years pass on in happy flight,
All big with Plenty, and all mark'd with White.
Brunswick's long race supplies my Realm with *LORDS*,
She spoke, and certain Fate confirm'd her Words.

P

On

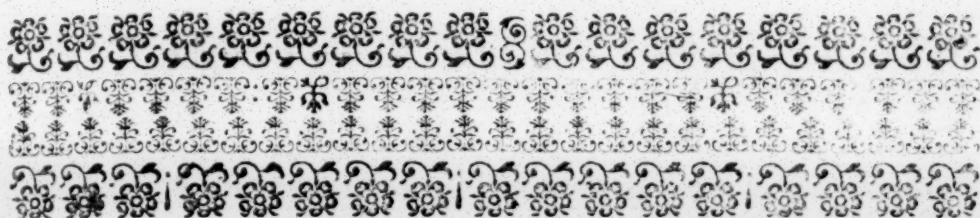


On CÆLIA's refusing to see ME.

By the SAME.

IL L fated *Damon* ne'er can cease to mourn,
 From the dear Object of his Passion torn ;
 In his own Country must an Exile live,
 Amidst unbounded Liberty a SLAVE.
 Were it not kinder, Fair One, to admit
 The Lover gasping at his *Cælia's* Feet ?
 Where thousand Deaths their instant Pow'r employ,
 Hang at thy Pendants, on thy Bosom play :
 Where certain Fate its Arrows can elance,
 Shot from a Dimple, or a well-aim'd Glance !

Let not the Wretch, inhuman Fair, complain
In ling'ring Sorrow, and continu'd Pain ;
Since thou by more immediate force can'st kill,
Pierce with a Look, or murder with a Smile.



The 6th EPISTLE in *Horace*,
Imitated, as far as

— *Numa quo devenit, et Ancus.*

By the SAME.

WITH steady Wing between extremes to soar,
Not proudly Vain, nor despicably Poor ;
Our even Soul in Virtues Scale to poise,
Nor sunk by Cares, nor buoy'd by idle Joys :

In a calm *Medium* to secure our State,
Deaf to uneasy Love, and restless Hate,
Above the smiles of Life, or frowns of Fate.

This Golden Lesson antient Sages taught,
What *Tully* practis'd, and what *Horace* thought.
Cato for this disdain'd *Rome*'s little Pride,
And *Scipio* threw his worthless wreaths aside.
These Rules alone insure untainted Bliss,
And point the easy Path to Happiness.
Stay thy fixt Breast by flatt'ring Scenes unbent,
Fond Admiration dwells not with Content.
Some lurking Ills the gaz'd-at Pomp destroy,
Delights fatigue, tumultuous Pleasures cloy.
While abject Crouds are ruffled with surprize,
And Ideot wonder stares from Vulgar Eyes ;
No sudden turn the settled Thought can move,
Philosophers admire not, but approve.

No glaring Meteors can disturb their Soul,
Nor all the starry Worlds above that roll :
Since what the Dastard Populace affright,
A Newton, or a *Derham* may Delight.
They trace unmov'd the Comet's dread Career,
Tho' Monarchs shudder, and tho' Nations fear ;
Can view the countless Terrors of the Sky,
With cool Reflection, and thro' Reason's Eye.
And shan't we humbler Glories here despise,
Think Honours trifles, Diadems but toys ?
Shall the Mind lie unhing'd by each mad flight,
And gaudy Objects catch the giddy Sight ?
Our foolish blis from Paint and Stone receive,
Hang o'er a Statue, on a Picture live ?

Go, get thee Play things ; and thy Hours beguile,
Doat on a Snuff-Box, languish for a Seal.
The rifled *EAST* its Rarities shall bring,
And *India's* Womb be tortur'd for a Ring.

To glut thy sight, lo! *Persia* fends a Screen,
And Commerce wafts a Tea-Board from *Japan*.

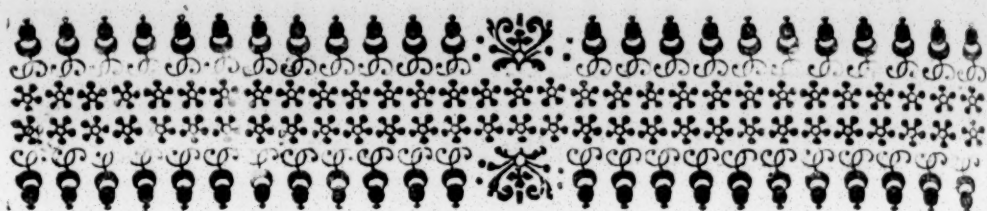
Can such poor Gew-Gaws all our Heart possess,
Wrap in amazement, and distract with bliss?
A broken Urn, or half a Bust has struck
The poring Antiquaries stedfast Look.
Another's earnest Thoughts enamour'd dwell
On Butterflies, a Pebble, or a Shell.
For Dress vain *Florio* levels his pursuit,
Pants for Embroid'ry, and a Birth-Day Suit;
Happy to shine distinguish'd at a BALL,
To glare at COURTS, or flutter in the MALL,

Yet know, what e'er thou art; whom pleasures bait
Tempts to Delight, or Grandeur prompts to State:

Whether

Whether for Trifles of a higher Sphere
You long —— perhaps a CORONET to wear,
Or thy vain Breast beats fondly for a STAR :
Pleas'd from thy gilded Chariot to bestow
A Look on bending Crouds that gaze below :
Or, more exalted, e'en at Courts preside,
And cringing Levies feed thy swelling Pride :
Tho' you at Senates ev'ry Taste cou'd hit,
With *Compton's* Eloquence, and *Stanhope's* Wit,
Know thy gay Sun-shine swiftly hafts to set.
Thou to the Common fatal Goal must run,
As all thy mighty Ancestors have done,
Where *Tudors*, and *Plantagenets* are gone.





The Same continued.

IF thro' thy Blood contagious Humours glide,
 If tort'ring Pains afflict thy aching Side,
 If Agues chill, or Fevers scorch thy Brain,
 Quick seek a Refuge, from Disease, and Pain.
 Do you, (as sure all do) desire with Ease
 And true Content, to tread Life's dang'rous ways ;
 If VIRTUE can alone the Blessing give,
 And her Attendants only happy live ;
 Pursue the Goddess with unceasing Pain,
 On the bleak Mountains, or the barren Plain,
 While Wealth invites, and Pleasure smiles in vain.

But if strict Virtue's Laws thy Soul denies,
 As holy Cheats impos'd on vulgar Eyes ;

Let

Let gainful Business all thy Hours employ,
To either *Indies* send thy Fleet away :
To Int'rest then thy Honesty postpone,
Bid WIDOWS weep, and plunder'd ORPHANS groan.
Add Plumb to Plumb, thy swelling Stock increase,
Till a *Director's* Wealth thy Labours bless :
Till thy full Warehouses can hold no more,
Till thy heap'd Treasures bend the groaning Floor,
And *H——te* pining views thy larger Store.
The Man whom Wealth furrounds, no want laments,
Each Charm, each Grace his ev'ry wish prevents ;
Obsequious Friends his crouded Chambers grace,
And willing Beauty yields to his Embrace :
Lest *Nireus'* Form cou'd tempt th' enamour'd Maid,
Lest *Tully's* strongest Eloquence persuade.

If sure CONTENT by Gold alone is bought,
Let that alone employ thy ev'ry Thought.

If

If Pomp and Grandeur sooths the human Breast,
 And he, who shines in Courts, is chiefly blest,
 Quick to the Park, and Drawing-Room repair,
 Like *Savage* know each STAFF and RIBBON there.
 Bow to the MINISTER, accost his Grace,
 And talk familiar with the PEER in Place.
 Enroll each Noble LORD among your Friends,
 Who makes a BISHOP, or a MEMBER sends.

If joy and comfort luscious Food supplies,
 And truly living well is Eating nice ;
 The Dictates of thy Palate swift pursue,
 Search all that's Costly, Elegant, and New ;
 Be it the Business of your Life to Dine,
 While Meats PONTAC supplies, and JEPHSON Wine.

Thus constant *Miller* formerly repair'd,
 Where each Great PEER luxuriously far'd ;

And

And if the luscious *Turbot* fill'd his Eye
Threw *Littleton*, and all his Tenures by,
Or while the Ven'son bent his loaded Fork
Left Eloquence and Law, to *Reeves* and *York*.

If thy soft Senses Mirth and Musick Charm,
And Wit, and Love, alone thy Soul can warm,
Be seen at ev'ry Masquerade and Play,
Wear at Quadrille the tedious Nights away,
The Joys most Exquisite that Life can give ;
From *Heydegger's*, alluring Arts receive ;
Debauch'd and dissolute as *Chartres* Live.
Each soft Desire, that fires thy wanton Will,
In *Epicurus'* modern Groves fulfill,
In ev'ry Vice Polite, and fashionable Ill.

These fancy'd Joys, low vulgar Minds Affect,
From these the PEOPLE happiness expect,

Virtue alone Heroick Souls invites,
 To her unvarnish'd, but sincere Delights:
 In Paths where soft Enchanting Pleasures Play,
 A *Nero* or *Caligula* may Stray,
 But an *Alcides*' Choice approves the thorny Way.



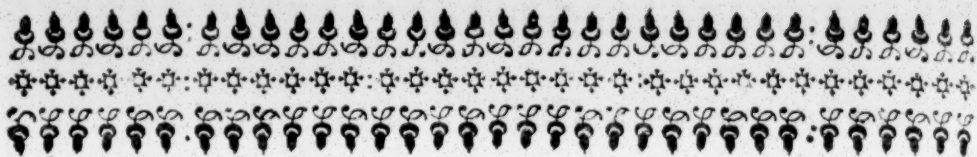
TO CHLOE.

FAIREST of the Virgin Train,
 Proudest of the Female Race,
 Thou that now with coy Disdain
 Vaunt'st the Beauties of thy Face;
 When those charming Curls shall fall
 And their flowing Honours Shed,
Chloe, when those Cheeks grow Pale,
 Now, like op'ning ROSES, Red,

When

When with horror thou shalt turn
From thy mortifying Glafs,
And with conscious Anger burn,
Thinking, once what *Chloe* was ;
Tears shall fill thy faded Eyes,
Thou thy foolish Self detest.
And this sad reflection rise
To thy melancholy Breast.
“ Why was I, while young and Vain,
Not endu’d with reas’ning Thought ?
Or why can’t my Charms again
To my reas’ning Years be brought ?





A SPEECH of HERCULES,

From the *Trachiniæ* of SOPHOCLES.

YE Gods, what scorching Pain, and sharpest Tor-
 (ments
 Rend my whole Frame, and prey upon my Heart!

Nor fell *Eurystheus*, nor the Wife of *Jove*
 Cou'd wish me Anguish great as that I feel
 From the dire Charms of *Æneus'* cursed Daughter.
 Fast to my Sides the burning Garment cleaves,
 Corrupts my Flesh, and Feeds upon my Lungs,
 Dwells in my Veins, and Taints my circling Blood,
 Nor this the Sword, or warlike Spear perform'd,
 Nor the strong Force of Earth's gygantic Brood;
 Nor the fell Monster's Tooth, nor armed Rage
 Of *Greece* or *Barbary*; but by an unarm'd Hand
 A feeble Woman's treachery I die.

My

My Son, be *Hercules* thy only PARENT,
Nor view with Love, thy ruthless Mother more ;
But give her to my Arms that long for Vengeance,
And show thy Father's Woes afflict thee more
Than the just Sufferings of her that bore thee.
Dare to compassionate thy wretched Sire,
Whom all with pity view ; whose steady Soul
Each Stroke of hard Adversity cou'd bear :
Who boldly stemm'd Affliction's roughest Tide,
Nor e'er was known to Shrink ; yet now he sighs,
And with inglorious Weepings Plays the Woman.
Come near, my Boy, see where the poison'ous Texture
Eats through my Flesh ! Oh Pow'r of pain unspeakable !
Oh force of bitt'rest Woe ! Thou gloomy KING
Of black *Avernus*, call me to thy Realms ;
Fall, Thou red Light'ning, on this curst Head :
Great *Jove*, at me direct thy hottest Bolt,

For

For Oh ! Thy choicest Thunders ne'er can match
The fierce corroding Flames that gnaw my Vitals,
That rend each Art'ry of this lab'ring Breast,
That shoot thro' all my Limbs ; — Are these the Hands,
By which the dreadful *Nemean* Lion fell ?
Which spoil'd of all her Lives, the sprouting *HYDRA*,
By which the *CENTAUR*'s formidable Band,
And the fierce Boar of *Erymanthus* perish'd,
That dragg'd the triple *Cerberus* from Hell,
And on Earth's confines, slew the guardian Dragon ?

Ten Thousand other Toils have I Surmounted,
Yet none from me, in War e'er gain'd a *LAUREL*.

But shatter'd now and broke, by Steps I perish,
Waft by degrees, and sink beneath the Force
Of the slow working Poison ; thus tormented,
Consum'd by utmost Pain, thus helpless Dies,

The Strong, the Great, the Conqu'ring *Hercules*,
Son of *Alcmena*, and Olympian *Jove*.

Yet let the Nations know, that not unpunish'd
Shall the fell MURDRESS go; here let her come,
That, from her sad Example, all may Learn,
How 'en in Death, as Life, I punish wickedness.



DAVID'S Lamentation for SAUL and JONATHAN, Imitated from

The first CHAP. of the 2d. BOOK of
SAMUEL.

ARE they then fall'n! Is *Israel's* Glory fled?
Torn on the Mountains lie the Mighty Dead!
Silence, ye Winds, be still ye whisp'ring Airs,
Nor tell to *Gath*, what suff'ring *Israel* bears.

Q

Let

Let all our Tears in deepest Silence flow,
 Nor let our Sighs tell *Askalon* our Woe.
 Least proud *Philistia* with fierce joy elate
 Raise impious Triumphs on our sad Defeat.

Ye pregnant Dews, ye all refreshing Rains,
 Visit no more *Gilboa's* thrice curs'd Plains ;
 No more on them, ye Priests, your Offerings kill,
 Nor call on God, where God's Anointed fell.
 Oh ! where was then the sacred Pow'r that Guards
 The Lives of **KINGS**, when nor the Regal Sword,
 Nor Orb of Gold, nor Oyl, cou'd save their dying Lord?

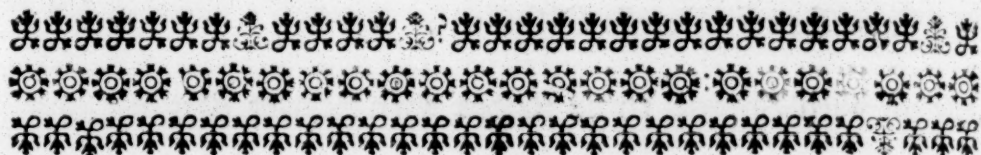
Full oft deep ting'd with *Hostile* Blood I've seen
 The Bow of *Jonathan*, with haughty Mien
 When flesh'd with Slaughter *Saul* from Battle turn'd,
 And his resistless Sword the bleeding Nations mourn'd.
 In Life the Heroes Grac'd each others Side,
 A Pair so lovely nor cou'd Death divide ;

As unfed Lions fierce they took their Way,
And swift as Eagles darted on their Prey.

Ye Daughters of unhappy *Juda's* Race,
Sad Witnessles of *Israel's* Disgrace ;
Tear off with Speed, those Robes with Scarlet Bright,
Fling from your Hair, those sparkling Stones of Light,
Hence with that labour'd Elegance of Dress,
And clad in darkeſt Woe your grief expreſs ;
Weep o'er the KING, who all thoſe Trophies won,
And under whoſe more potent Rays they Shone.
Thousands of vulgar Souls, ſtood free from Death,
He at the Mighty levell'd all his Wrath,
Nor was appeas'd with leſs than Royal Breath.

For thee, my *Jonathan*, thou beſt of Friends,
Dissolv'd in grief e'en ſtubborn manhood Bends.
Thou reign'dſt, my Friend, unrival'd in my Heart,
In which nor Love, nor Glory claim'd a Part,
Mad Fame it Scorn'd, and mock'd Love's feeble Dart.

Fall'n, fall'n is *Israel*, her Strength decay'd,
 Low in the Dust, War's fiercest Sons are laid,
 And those are now her Grief, who were her mightiest Aid.



O D E

On the Fifth of NOVEMBER.

GREAT God of Verse, propitious *Phæbus*, hear,
 To thee th' adventrous Muse directs her Pray'r,
 To thee she calls, unchanging Source of Light.

For thou, through Time's eternal Flight,
 The same unalter'd Pow'r hast been,
 Each mighty Period thou hast seen,
 Or shining with distinguish'd Virtues Bright,
 Or with Rebellion fraught, and Treasons dark as Night.

Thy

Thy constant Light, with Lustre Shone
When the World Great *Julius* won ;
When in *Pharsalia's* Field he stood,
His Armour wet, with *Roman* Blood.

Thy equal Beams alike can tell
At *Pompey's* Statue, how the Conqu'ror fell.
Thou, through great *Eliza's* Reign,
Saw'st the fair Years, with Peace and Plenty Crown'd :
Thou saw'st too when o'er *James's* Head in vain,
Impending Dangers Frown'd.

Ne'er did thy all piercing Pow'r
See Treason with such horror Lur ;
Tho' thou fierce *Catiline* hast known,
Rebellion's consecrated Son.
Tho' thou hast seen *Ravillac's* hardy deed
Whose holy Treach'ry bad a Monarch Bleed.

Nor did'st thou e'er such Blessings know,
From such eluded Mischiefs grow,
Such Triumphs from such baffled Ruin flow.

For tho' the next Ascendants of the Throne
With a paler Lustre Shone :
Tho' the first *Charles's* Reign was Blotted
With Patriots Blood, in Civil Wars ;
Tho' Luxury unbounded Spotted
His Elder Offspring's riper Years.
And tho' his wretched younger Son,
Deeming too mean *Britannia's* Crown,
Wou'd Laws reverse, establish'd firm as Fate,
And fell by aiming at forbidden Height.

Tho' such various Evils flow'd
From *James's* rescu'd Blood.
Tho' well nigh fall'n Religion groan'd,
And *Albion* her sinking Freedom Moan'd ;

Yet never be the Day unsung,

Ne'er blotted from the Books of Fame ;

From which the Great *Maria* Sprung,

The mighty *William's* matchless Dame.

Phæbus, with thy brightest Ray,

Usher in the smiling Day.

Thou saw'st, with what an op'ning dawn of Joy,

The Eve of this fair Morn we did employ :

For on that happy Day was born

The last great Heroe of the *Nassau* Race,

Who cou'd his Fathers, tho' full glorious, Scorn,

And all their brightest Deeds efface.

But from this great Day's Success

Fair *Maria* did us Bless,

With Plenty, Liberty, and Peace.

Who, join'd in *Hymen's* sacred Band.

The Princely *Nassau* cou'd Command]

To free a Nation Chain'd, tho' by a Father's Hand.

Let other Glories too be Sung
 From this great Deliv'rance sprung,
 Hence fair *Eliza*, Sov'reign Maid,
Bohemia's Royal Nuptials Grac'd,
 From whose illustrious fruitful Bed,
 Yet unborn Monarchs shall be trac'd ;
 For hence the great ELECTOR rose,
 Whose Guardian Labours free *Britania* shows,
 Sprung from whose illustrious Loins
 With accessary Light a second *Brunswick* Shines.



VER-



V E R S E S

On the Twenty Ninth of MAY.

TWELVE dreadful Years had fierce Rebellion
 And *Albion's* Soil with *British* Blood been stain'd ;

Blasted the Majesty of Kings had laid,

Religion with her Royal Master dead :

The Pales of Right, and Faith cast vilely down,

The Holy MITRE spurn'd, and broke the CROWN

And daub'd with base PLEBEIAN Blood the Throne.

The daring Rebel, at whose bold Command

A Monarch, at the Bar of Slaves did stand,

Now fill'd his Seat, and with despotick Sway

Made those, who rais'd him to such Height, Obey.

Was

Was it for this, unhappy *Charles*, you fell,
And dy'd with Royal Blood the curf'd Steel?
And is it thus! that *BRITAIN* is repaid,
For the Mistakes thy Youth misguided made?
Say, all ye shades, whose Souls were nobly fir'd,
And with the Love of *LIBERTY* inspir'd,
Who boldly dar'd Oppose th' encreasing Tide
Of Pow'r illegal, and Monarchick Pride,
And e'en a *KING*'s unjust Demands deny'd.
Say, ye great *PATRIOTS*, had not e'en your Zeal,
And the strong Love ye bore your Country fell,
If thro' Futurity you cou'd have known,
Such Poisons shoot from Seeds so glorious sown?
E'en midst the *HEROES* of *Elyzium*'s Shade,
Weep ye not now the bold Defence ye made,
'Gainst Taxes rais'd, and lawless Imposts laid?

Wrongs great as these your Souls had not disdain'd,
So *Charles* had never fell, nor *Cromwell* reign'd.

Yet, ye great MANES, weep not *England's* Doom,
But, scatter'd far REBELLION's dismal gloom,
Behold with joy her Glories yet to come.

See! the fair ISLAND blest with happier Rays,
And PEACE restor'd in younger *Charles's* Days.

Friendless and Exil'd did the Royal Boy
His wretched Youth, not unimprov'd, employ.
Misfortunes taught him Greatness to sustain,
And from Adversity he learnt to Reign.

In vain the mercenary STATES deny'd
To War on a forsaken MONARCH's Side.
In vain the haughty *Cardinal* beheld,
And with disdain the Suppliant KING repell'd.

In a superior Force his Safety laid,
 He had his GOD for Guide, nor needed human Aid.
 Him ANGELS led thro' *Belgia's* watry Lands,
 O'er *Gaul's* extended Plains, and hot *Iberia's* Sands.
 Around him ever watchful Spirits flew,
 And safety o'er the wand'ring MONARCH threw.
 'Midst the fierce Battle's Rage unharm'd he stood,
 And scap'd his TRAITOR Subjects search for Blood.

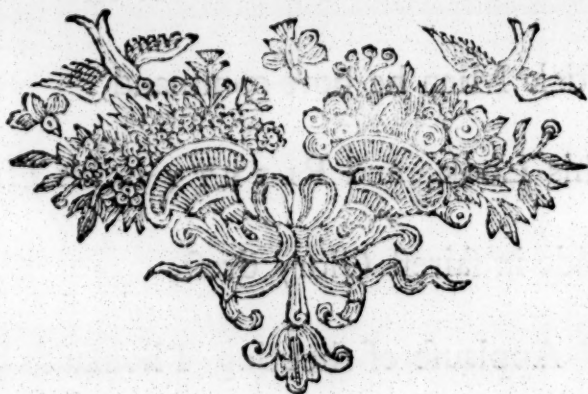
Witness the Day when *Severn's* swelling Tide
 Ran Purple, with the Blood of Thousands Dy'd,
 That Bravely fell at their great MASTER'S Side.

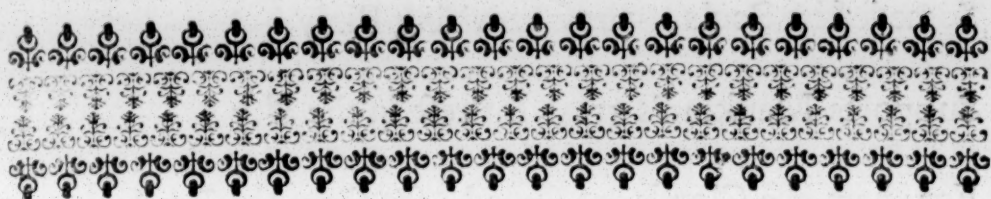
Witness the kindly Hospitable shade,
 Where *Charles*, by Grandeur unattended, laid ;
 The Pageantry and Splendor all laid down,
 That Troop with MAJESTY, and wait a CROWN.

In rustick Plainness' rudest Drefs he stray'd,
Mimick'd the Peasant's Mien, and aukward Tread
That Sweats beside the toilsome P L O W for Bread.
But witness, above all, this glorious Morn
That saw the Royal SOJOURNER return ;
That saw the Clouds of *Anarchy* dispell'd,
And the fair Beams of P E A C E again reveal'd.
Quick o'er the Land the sudden Gladness flow'd,
And catch'd, like spreading Flames, the wond'ring Croud.
Augusta's num'rous Throngs with joy came on
To meet their much lov'd *Charles's* fav'rite SON.
In his Majestick Mien he bore command,
P E A C E in his Look, and P L E N T Y in his Hand :
And at his Side in fairest Glory drest,
And with th' Applause of shouting Thousands blest,

March'd

March'd the firm Strength of *MONK*, and close behind
With *FAITH* and *VIRTUE*, *TRUTH* and *JUSTICE* join'd,
Walk'd fair *Religion*, clad in native White,
And, stripp'd of Ornaments, divinely bright.
While there in dreadful Pomp the *Fasces* laid,
Here the bright *Magna Charta* hung display'd :
PEACE clos'd the Rear, and spread with lavish Hand
BLESSINGS and *PLENTY* o'er the rescu'd Land.
Nor happier Days were e'er to *Albion* known,
But when a *Nassau* Reign'd, or *Brunswick* fill'd the Throne.





On the Death of EDWARD
late Lord BISHOP of CHI-
CHESTER.

HARD is the Fate when falls exalted Pow'r,
When WIT expires, and BEAUTY is no more ;
But sadder Tears await the Good Man's Urn,
'Tis publick loss, and bids a Nation mourn ;
'Tis like the flight th' Angelick Guardians took,
When guilty Paradise they sad forlook,
And left it to its Doom, the JUDGES Angry look.
Long since from Earth wou'd Guilt and black Offence,
Avert the friendly Eye of Providence ;
But scatter'd through the M A S S some Virtues shine,
Recall her Look, and Court the Smiles divine.

Some loftier Souls, whose tow'ring Piety
Supports Mankind's great Int'rest in the Sky ;
For them the Clouds are spread, for them the Earth
Answers the Rustick's Toil, and Teems with smiling Birth.
For them the patient SUN renews the Day,
And rolls o'er thankless Worlds his joyous Ray.
Of these was *Waddington*, whose mournful Fate
Has thinn'd the Guardians of *BRITANNIA*'s State.
Long, like the faithful PATRIARCH, greatly good,
He pleaded for his Country with his God.
His pious wish, made ev'ry Valley smile,
Nor knew the Swain who blest his anxious Toil.
Here Charity with bright Devotion join'd,
Display'd their double Blessings on Mankind ;
Mercy his Lips implor'd, his Hand convey'd,
HIMSELF the mighty Good for which he pray'd.

Himself

Himself our nearer Deity below,

Rais'd the distress'd, and cheer'd Affliction's Brow.

Let others fight in true *Religion's* Cause,

Battle her Foes, and vindicate her Laws.

Religion asks not, like a haughty Dame,

The Champion bold her Beauty to proclaim ;

To be admir'd the Goddess shoud be seen,

Allure the Eye, before the Heart she win :

'Twas thine, great *Waddington*, by Deeds to show

How lovely Virtue shines confest to view.

Thy every Act well justified her Pow'r,

And taught the World by gazing to adore.

Viewing thy Life the ATHEIST might receive

Conviction, Volumes never knew to give.

There might he pining view with conscious Pain

To what a Godlike height Perfection ran,

And how the Christian can exalt the Man.

3

But what avail'd the great Example shown ?

Vice will not see, nor stubborn Sense be won.

Scoffing Profanefs midst a Drunken Age,

Rear'd high her Head, and with o'erspreading Rage

Drove the reclaiming Saint from off the Stage,

From an unworthy World he fighting rose,

And won his Heav'n with our Eternal Loss.

Then mourn, thou *BRITAIN*, so does Fate command,

The holy Lamp expir'd that fav'd the Land.





JOB, Chap. 20, Verse 5, 6, 7, 8, Imitated.

5. The triumphing of the Wicked is short, and the Joy
of the Hypocrite but for a Moment.

6. Though his excellency mount up to the Heavens, and
his Head unto the Clouds.

7. Yet he shall Perish for ever, like his own Dung ; they
which have seen him shall say, where is he ?

8. He shall fly away as a Dream, and shall not be found
He shall be chased away as a Vision of the Night.

WHO seeks for lasting Happiness, or Fame,
On Virtue's base, must raise the goodly Frame.

Short are the Joys, from wicked Deeds which flow ;

Short are the Joys — how permanent the Woe !

A while may Vice uprear her tow'ring Head,

Triumphant reign, nor future reck'ning dread :

Securely rove in Pleasure's flow'ry ways ;
Exult in pride of Youth, nor count the fleeting Days.
Soon shall she mourn, alas ! the alter'd Scene,
And bid her transient Pleasures stop — in vain.
Th' illusive Phantoms will no longer stay,
Mock her deluded grasp, and die away.
Black Misery succeeds, remorse, and shame,
And bitt'rest Taunts insult her blasted Name.
So Dreams beguile the Wretches sleeping Sense,
And visionary Happiness dispense :
But short the Date of Mimick Fancy's reign,
The Morn returns ; — and lo ! He wakes to Pain.





The 4th Hymn of CALLIMACHUS.

TO DELOS.

WHEN, O my Soul, wilt thou on Fancy's Wing
 Begin to soar, and all thy force exerting
 Praise *Delos*, sacred ISLE, *Apollo's* Nurse ;
 Th' extended Sea no Isles more sacred knows,
 Than are the *Cyclades*, yet brighter far,
 And dearer to the MUSES *Delos* shines ;
 Whose hospitable Soil receiv'd their KING
 Harmonious *Phæbus*, and the GOD acknowledg'd
 E'er yet his Bow was strung, or tun'd his Lyre.
 As to the sacred Nine the BARD's ungrateful
 Who mention's not *Pimplæa*, so to *Phæbus*,
 Is he, who in his Song forgets Fair *Delos*.

Be then my Harp to *Delos* praises tun'd,
And may propitious *Phæbus* bless the Lays,
Regardful of his Darling Nurfs Honours.
Tho' to the Winds expos'd, yet fixt she stands,
Deep rooted in the Sea, that round her breaks,
And dashes on her Shore, th' *Icarian* Foam.
Nor has old Ocean, or *Titanian Tethys*,
Among their thousand Islands, one so Fair,
Yet next to her, tho' fair less Glorious, rise
Phænician Corsica, and long *Abantia*,
And the delightful Plains of fair *Sardinia*.
And that bless'd Isle, where *Venus* swam to Shore,
Sprung from her Parent Waves, in perfect Beauty,
And still with kindly influence Protects,
Cyprus, the ever blooming Seat of Love.
These stony Rocks, and strong Built Towers defend,
But *Phæbus* guards his Isle, Defence Impregnable ;
Castles of Stone, and Walls of Brass may Fall,

And shatter'd by *Strymonian* BOREAS lie,
But nought destructive can approach *Apollo* ;
So Great, so Mighty, *Delos*, is thy Guardian.
To thee the MUSE might various Tribute bring ;
Thee thousand diff'rent *Eulogies* wou'd Suit
Matter of endless Song, which shall I choose,
Which wilt thou hear most pleas'd ? First shall I say,
How the great GOD of OCEAN with his Trident,
Wounded the Continent, and bid the Hills
Far from the Land disjoin'd, and o'er the Waves
Rolling their cumbrous load, in the wide Sea
A second Rooting take, and thenceforth be
Islands immoveable; thee no such Fate,
Thee no such tie constrain'd. but thou at Will
Roamd'st o're the Sea, and wert *Asteria* call'd.
Thou, who from HEAVEN's lofty Battlements,
Like a fair STAR, that swiftly shoots from High
Dauntless in to the deep Abyfs didst Plunge ;

T' avoid the Bed of Everlasting JOVE,
 Thy Coasts the Jolly Sailors oft have seen
 In the *Saronic GULPH*, from fair *Trazene*,
 Sailing to *Ephyra*, but at their Return
 Have wonder'd at thy Flight, for thou wert gone,
 Or to *Euripus*, or the Seas that Break
 At Foot of *Attic Sunium*, or to *Chios*,
 Or to the blooming Shores of fair *Parthenia*,
 Now *Samos* call'd, where the soft NYMPHS of *Mycalè*
 With kindly Hospitality receiv'd thee;
 But when the Natals of the great *Apollo*,
 Made consecrate thy Soil, no more thou stir'd'st
 But deep in the *Ægean*, fix'd thy Roots,
 Unshaken there for e'er to stand, and bear
 Thro' all succeeding Times, the Name of *Delos*.
 Thou did'st not fear the angry QUEEN of HEAVEN,
 Who held in deepest hatred ev'ry Offspring
 Of *Jove's* illegal Bed, but none she fear'd,

Like

Like him, who fill'd *Latona's* ripening WOMB;
For 'twas his glorious Destiny to be
More lov'd by *Jove*, than was her darling *Mars*.
For this the Goddess Self, thro' Heav'n's wide Plains
Darted her jealous Eye, and thence far drove
Latona, all in Pangs distressed, nor Earth
Wanted her Guards Keen-sighted, Lodg'd on *Æmus*
Mars aw'd the Continent with looks of War;
His Horses stabled in dark *Boreas's* Den:
The other Spie, on *Mimas's* highest Hill,
Iris explor'd the Sea-girt Isles around:
Such was *Latona's* Plight, none durst receive,
City or Land, the wand'ring Parent Big.
For wheresoe'er her fainting Steps she turn'd,
For Shelter Kind, they with forbidding Frown
Dash'd each Relief of hospitable Rest;
Arcadia fled, and the *Parthenian* Mount
Slunk from her outstretch'd Arms, nor kinder yet

Phanëus old from his Foundations Crept.

Fled the wide Land where Antient *Pelops* Rul'd

Save *Argos* and *Egiale*, nor there

Enter'd *Latona*, *Juno's* hated Seat.

Aonia fled, and in her flight she drew

Dirce and *Strophie* with *Ismenus* Join'd,

Nor stay'd *Esopus*, but with labour'd Haft,

To shun *Latona*, in her evil Day,

Painfully roll'd his Thunder-shatter'd Train.

The *Melian* NYMPH, as round she trips the Plain

In joyous Dance, stops with appalled Cheek

To view her Sister Oaks of *Helicon*,

Bend their dishevel'd Honours to the Blast.

Say, then ye MUSES, did one natal Hour

Produce the OAK and call the NYMPH to Birth?

Sithence, when vernal Showr's refresh the Tree

Blithsome Exults the Sympathetick Maid.

And when the Winter Blasts dispoil the Year,

Pines for her naked Sister on the Plains.

With

With silent Indignation, Great *Apollo*

Perceiv'd their Flight, but *THEBES* he menac'd loud.

Why proud unhappy City, art thou Bent

To prove by Symptoms dire thy Fate approaching?

Why dost thou force an Infant in the Womb;

To overthrow thee, with prophetick Curfes?

No Tripod yet proclaims the Delphick God,

Nor yet is slain the Serpent, from whose Name

Pythian Apollo shall be known, e'en now

The Monster terrible from *Pliftus'* Flood,

Crawling girds round *Parnassus'* Holy Mount,

With nine wide Circles, of his slimy Length.

Yet will I speak, nor need the *LAUREL'S* Aid

To Dictate Fate, in each important Word.

Fly thou, but know I'll soon o'ertake thy Flight;

To dip my Shaft in Blood, remember thou,

There's Profanation in thy guilty Walls,

The impious Brood of a reviling Woman —

Go speed thy Flight — no such detested Soil

Shall Nurse *Apollo*, nor abhorr'd *Citheron*

Receive

Receive to righteous Lands the Honour due,
 He said, and thence *Latona* fore distressed
 Turn'd her to seek elsewhere a Place of rest,
 But Entrance none throughout *Achaia's* Cities;
Bura and *Elice* she found; but back repuls'd
 From each inhospitable furlly Gate,
Theffalia next she tries, but forrowing Views
Anaurus and *Larissa* far were fled
 With the *Chironian* Hills, beyond the reach
 Of loudest Lamentation to recall:
 And *Peneus'* Self o'er *Tempe's* verdant Soil
 Hudled his disregarding Streams away.
 O *Juno*, yet no milder Thought of Mercy
 Stole to thy Breast, when Woe invincible,
 Threw out *Latona's* spreading Arms to Heav'n,
 And wrung this Supplication, from her Heart.
 Ye Nymphs of *Theffaly*, ye Daughters Fair
 Of *Peneus'* gentle Stream, intreat your Sire,

Hang on his Knees, and stop his hasty Flight;
 O why, disdains he in his Waves to take,
 A Godhead born, the Son of *Jove* Almighty.
 How easy were the Boon ---- ah! Why so hasty,
Peneus, as thou would'st Emulate the Winds?
 Am I the hated Object wings thy Flight?
 Me dost thou shun? ---- Alas! He listens not,
 O thou, my Burden, where shall I betake me,
 Where lay thee down! For now from inmost Nature
 I feel the slack'ning Nerves give way to Birth;
 Oh! *Pelion Pelion*, yet stay thou more gentle,
 The rueful Lioness, can find a Place
 To Cradle her young Monsters in thy Woods.
 To her complaining *Peneus* answer'd sad.
 Deem not, *Latona*, that unmov'd I hear
 Thy piteous Plaint, but strong Necessity
 Withholds my Aid, and checks arising Mercy.
 Gladly I'd smooth my Waves into a Bed,
 To entertain *Latona*, and her Son;

Others

Others less dear, than thou, within my Stream,
Have wash'd their recent Babe. But *Juno's* Threats,
Deterr me, and that sternly visag'd Guard,
Lodg'd on yon fummit high ; whose easy Hand,
At Will could lift me, from my dark Foundation,
And dash to empty Air my deepest Tide.

What shall I do? say, could'st thou see well pleas'd
Thy unavailing Friend in ruin lost.

But be it so, for thee I'll meet my Fate,

Yes, though I shrink into a thirsty Channel

By Weeds o'ergrown, despis'd by ev'ry Stream,

My Aid I'll bring ; and let thy Prayer Invoke

Lucina Friend to ev'ry gentle Birth.

He said and stay'd his Waves ; whom *Mars* observing,

Had well nigh seiz'd *Pangæus* neigh'bring Hill :

With meditated blow, to overwhelm,

And blot from Earth the disobedient Flood :

But check'd Design so Dire : The GOD from High,

Gave Signs of Wrath aloud, and on his Shield

Smote

Smote Thund'ring his vast Spear — the ringing Peal,
Fill'd all the Continent with wild Alarm.

Offa with the *Cranonian* Plains out-stretch'd
Trembled around with Fear, remotest *Pindus*
Caught the dismay, and skip'd from her Foundation,
And *Theffaly*, through all her Kingdoms shook.

Such noise o'er the *Sicilian* Shores is heard

When *Briareus*, ingulphed Giant huge ;
Heaves his tir'd Side against the Mountain load,
That whelms his struggle Vain, all *Ætna* roars,
And *Vulcan's* Massy Implements within,

Tripods and *Chaldrons*, in tumultuous Clash

Groan with a ringing Jarr, thro' all the Caves,

But *Peneus*, nought repuls'd, tho' menac'd Sore

Stood obdurate his kindness to pursue ;

Till, Farewell gentle GOD, *Latona* cried,

Live thou, nor for a Wretch thy Fate provoke,

Nor unrewarded shall thy Mercy pass.

She said and weary now with fruitless Search ;

The

The Isles she yet address'd, nor they admitted
Upon their Shores to fix her Pilgrim Feet.
Not the *Echinades*, else gentle Isles,
With Ports wide open to the riding Bark ;
Nor yet *Corcyra*, of her thousand Sisters
That deck the Seas, most hospitable found.
For *Iris* frowning from the lofty Top
Of *Mimas* aw'd the Islands far and near :
To *Cos*, the Seat of brave *Calciopè*,
Her last sad Hopes, she turn'd ; but from within
A Voice reclaim'd her Step, *Apollo* Spake.
Not here my Birth is doom'd ; tho' rich the Soil,
And fit Reception for an Infant G o d.
But Fate, this consecrated Land reserves,
Nurse for a Future G o d, a Saviour K I N G ;
Shall here be Born, under whose Diadem
Shall Center proud of *Macedonian* Rule,
The Inland Nations, and the Sea-girt Isles ;

From

From farthest West, and where the Orient Sun,
 First pours the blushing promise of a Day,
 Such Pow'r shall Cloath the KING; and all his Father's
 Shall guide his Heart, and Sanctify his Action.
 With me e'erwhile he shall in common War,
 Brandish the Victor Sword; the same our Foe,
 The same our LAUREL, when th' embattled West
 Shall Deluge Greece, with her Barbaric Sons,
 The Titan Race renew'd; whose gather'd Thousands,
 Shall count the driven Snow and Starry Host:
 The Locrian Battlements and Delphick Tow'rs,
 With the Crissean Plains, and Cities round
 Mix in one rueful Groan; the SWAIN beholds
 His Neighbour's Harvest mounting in a Blaze.
 Nor shall Report have told her dismal Tale,
 Of distant Desolation, e'er themselves
 Sadly Convicted view the Holy TEMPLE
 With Legions dire beset, and Hostile Squadrons

S

Around

Around my *Tripods*, with unhallow'd Gleam,
Swords and high Crested Helms, and Shields of War,
Shall Throng tumultuous ; but shall ill betide
Their proud Displayers, grasp'd in evil Hour.
The Great *Ægyptian* KING, with me Victorious;
Shall share the Spoils, bought with imperial Sweat.
Mine by allotment all the scatter'd Trophies
That Strow the *Delphick* Plains: To him the *Nile*,
Consigns the Harvest of his bloody Banks,
Bucklers and Spears, quit by expiring Warriors.
To thee, Oh ! *Ptolemy*, I boding Speak ;
And thou hereafter all thy happy Days,
Shalt Bless the unborn Prophet of the Womb.
Nor thou, *Latona*, grieve ; there is an Island
That knows no Mansion sure, but ever restless,
Travels the Ocean, or to Winds a Sport,
Or floating Pastime of the rolling Deep.
There let us tend, there no unwelcome Guest,

Shalt

Shalt thou retreat : While thus *Apollo* Spake,
Back from the Voice Divine the Isles retir'd.
But thou, *Asteria*, Musick-loving Goddess,
Down from *Eubæa* camest in happy Hour
To visit the all-Beauteous *Cyclades*.
Let *Juno*, said'st thou, when thy pitying Eyes
Beheld *Latona*, all in Pangs unutter'd,
Let *Juno*, wreck her worst, her highest Threats.
I shun not, come, *Latona*, Mother sad,
Come lay thy Burden on my willing Lap.
Fast by *Inopus*' Stream, she sat her down,
Which deepest then its sable Current pours:
Observant when with fullest Tide the Nile,
Tumbles from utmost *Æthiopia*'s Hills.
Her Zone unloos'd, back on a Friendly Palm
Reclin'd she gave up all herself to Birth,
And mighty Pangs, as when a God is Born.
And O, she said, while down her fainting Limbs,

Trickled the big cold Drops. Why all these Pains —

Be born my Son, and gentle be thy Birth.

Soon to the unforgiving Wife of *Jove*,

Sped *Iris*, big with the ungrateful Tale.

“ Oh! QUEEN ador'd of HEAVEN, whose Female Arm

Bends the resisting Nations to thy Will,

Ee'n thee, amidst the Splendor of thy Throne,

Will Evil dare approach ; thy princely Brow

Shall Frowns of Rage invade, for Maugre thee

Safe on an Isle *Latona's* Son is Born.

Each Land beside Obsequious to thy Will,

Abhorr'd her near Approach, but proud *Asteria*,

Asteria, vilest Rubbish of the Seas,

With forward unbefeeched Courtesy

Invites her, as she pass'd, to proffer'd Rest.

She said, and underneath the Golden Throne

Couch'd close, as when *Diana* leaves the Chase :

Tir'd at her Feet lies her Companion Dog,

And

And still in list'ning Slumber pricks his Ears
To wait his Mistress' Call : In guise like this
Lay the *Thaumantian* Maid, nor potent Sleep
Could Bribe her faithful Vigilance to rest.

But on a Corner of the spacious Throne,
Gently her Head reclin'd, she half indulges
Doubtful repose ; nor loos'd her Nightly ZONE,
Nor doff'd the winged Sandals of her Feet ;
Ready attir'd for *Juno's* High behests.

“ And is it thus ! Heav'ns angry QUEEN exclaim'd,
Ye Female Scandals of licentious *Jove*.

In darksome Haunts ye seek to hide your shame,
And *Fenny Caverns* where Sea-Monsters Whelp ;
Must Nurse your Infant Brood ; but well it suits
The dark and pilfer'd Contracts of your Loves.
Nor yet, *Asteria*, can I justly blame,
Or prosecute thy Crime with equal Vengeance :
So much I owe to thy unvanquish'd Chastity,

That fled'st to OCEAN's dark Abyſs for refuge,
Rather than ſtain the holy Bed of *Juno*.
She ſaid, and now from the *Mæonian* Stream
Paſtulus, roſe the ever tuneful Swans
Songſters of *Phæbus*, and around fair *Delos*
Steer'd in ſeven Circles their auſpicious flight ;
And ſcaſter'd as they flew Celeſtial Notes,
Hymning their new-Born GOD. From theſe *Apollo*
Took the great Hint, to form the Seven ſtring'd Lyre:
The *Delian* Nymphs deſcendants of the Flood,
Carrol'd the ſacred Song to *Elithya*.
The vaulted Sky receiv'd the gladſome Song,
And answer'd with reeccho'd Harmony.
E'en *Juno* then unbidden Transports felt ;
Diſarm'd of Jealous Hate, ſhe yielding own'd
The univerſal Joy, and ſmil'd conſenting.
Then was it, *Delos*, thy Foundations wide
Stood rooted Gold, the Sea that flow'd around,

Wash'd thy admiring Shores with foaming Gold.
With vegetable Gold the OLIVE bloom'd,
And Golden was *Inopus'* flowing Tide.
Then thou from off the Ground-extended Gold,
Didst lift the smiling Babe into thy Bosom,
And joyous said st ; see ! thou all fruitful Earth,
That boasts thy many Altars, many Cities ;
Thou Continent, behold, and neighb'ring ISLES,
The mighty produce of the Barren *Delos* :
A native God, from me Derives his Name,
Apollo, Delian through the World confest.
No Land so dear to her espousing God,
Not *Cenchris* to her *Neptune*, nor *Cyllene*
To *Mercury* ador'd, nor *Crete* to *Jove*,
As *Delos* to *Apollo* ; nor hereafter mock
My vagrant Soil, for he shall fix me fast,
And bid me Laugh at the eluded Tempest.

So said'st thou, and the mighty Infant pleas'd,
Caught thy distended Paps, and with his Lips
Fixed an eternal Mark of Holiness
On *Phæbus*' Foster Land: On thee *Bellona*,
Nor *Pluto* treads, nor dare the Steeds of War
Kick with insulting Hoofs thy hallow'd Champaign.
But, each revolving Year, to thee submissive
The Earth devotes from ev'ry distant Region
Her first Born Gifts, and under either Sun
Each CITY Honours thee in Festal Dance.
Thee too the SOUTH resounds, the hardy Race
That freeze in Northern Climes, and with strong Toil
Prolong their Lives beyond the usual Span,
Ne'er fail to Celebrate thy honour'd Name.
They first to thy respected Altars bring
The votive Corn, and consecrated Sheaf.
Which Trav'ling far from tall *Dodona's* Groves,
The hardy, tough *Pelasgians* first receive.

Thence.

Thence thro' the sacred Walls and verdant Mountains,
Of *Melis* on it passes, o'er *Euripus*,
To the fair Fields of neighb'ring *Eubæa* ;
Whence short the Passage to thy sacred Shore.
These grateful Presents *Upis* first and *Loxo*,
And blooming in full Youth, fair *Hecaerge*
Brought hither from the Warlike *Arimaspians*,
Whose Hair, confin'd in Golden Bracelets, Glitters :
Daughters of *BOREAS* all, the Bravest too
And fairest of fierce *Arimaspia's* Sons,
Low bowing to thy Altars, *Delos*, came,
Nor to their Native *NORTH* e'er turn'd their steps,
But here were deck'd with never dying Honours.
For when the pleasing Rites of joyful *Hymen*
Summon the *Delian* Nymphs, and Swains to love,
Sacred to *BOREAS's* beauteous Daughters fall
The first shorn Ringlets of the Maiden's Hair.
And to his Sons each Swain with Rev'rence offers

From

From off his Still-smooth Chin, the Virgin down.

Divine *Asteria*, thee the Isles enclose,

With beauteous Circle, and surrounding CHOR.

To thee nor noise of Mirth, nor happy SONG,

Is ever wanting, thee the glittering Beam

Of *Hesper*, sees for ever Crown'd with Joy.

Some sweetly warble out the *Lycian* SONG ;

From *Xanthus*' Banks, by tuneful *Olen* brought.

Others in sprightly Dance prolong the Night,

And beat, with bounding Steps, thy hallow'd Soil ;

Then frequent Chaplets load fair *Venus*' Statue,

Propitious ever, to the Lover's Pray'r.

Here Plac'd, in Honour of the smiling Goddess,

By *Theseus*, with his Band, from *Crete* return'd.

Who, flying from the Bull's tremendous Roar,

(Dire Offspring of *Pasiphae*'s monstrous Love)

And the deceitful Paths, that lead around

The winding Labyrinth, nor admit Return:

Around thy Altars, Goddess, form'd the Dance.

While

While Lyres melodious fir'd their joyous Souls,
In circling Choir, by Warlike *Theseus* led.
Whence, *Phæbus*, to thy Shrines the Sons of *Cecrops*,
The Sacred, undecaying Vessel sent.

Divine *Asteria*, to whose Honour'd NAME,
Such Altars Blaze, such frequent Prayr's are Breath'd.
What Sailors traversing the wide *Ægean*
Ee'r pass'd unvisited thy happy Shores?
Tho' fairest Gales distend their swelling Sails,
And weightiest Business calls their utmost Speed;
At sight of thee they gather in the Shrouds,
And, gratefully retarded, drop the Anchor,
While in thy Harbours rides th' obedient Bark,
Till they in solemn, Mystic Dance Surround,
And smite thy hallow'd Shrines, and with their Teeth,
Crop the fair Branches of the spreading OLIVE.

Thus

Thus *Delia* sporting sooth'd the Infant GOD.
 Hail! Safest, happiest Island of the *Cyclades*,
Latona's other Offspring, *Cynthia*, Hail,
 For ever hail! *Apollo*, GOD of *Delos*.



EUROPA,

From MOSCHUS.

NIGHT's dark Dominion now was well nigh
 (ceas'd,
 And the young Dawn began to promise Day,
 When balmy Slumbers, and refreshing Rest,
 On golden Wings by smiling *Venus* sent,
 Clos'd fair *Europa's* Eyes, and o'er her Limbs
 Soft Indolence, and sweetest ease diffus'd.
 Then crouding Dreams that fill the busy Brain,
 With sure Prediction all, and Truth are Fraught.

Europa,

Europa, then in gayest Bloom of Youth,
And yet untouch'd and Chaste as Virgin *Cynthia* ;
Seem'd, while involv'd in Sleep her Senses lay,
To see two mighty Continents in Strife,
And fierce Debate ; Herself, the Prize in View.
Here *Asia* stood, and there opposing *Lybia* ;
Either beneath a Woman's Form disguis'd,
Yet this, by Air and Mien, a Stranger was,
T'other a Native of the Country seem'd,
And claim'd with strongest Zeal, her beauteous Daughter,
By her brought forth, by her bred up and nourish'd.
But t'other with tough Strength, and pow'ful Force,
Drew to her Arms the unresisting NYMPH.
For this, she said, by Fate's Decree Eternal,
Was due to her, from *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*.

Europa, Skipp'd affrighten'd from her Bed.
And, tho' awake, still perfect seem'd to View

Before

Before her Eyes, the two contending Dames :

Then into this loud Exclamation broke.

“ What Dreams are these that fill’d my sleeping SENSE,
Broke my soft Slumbers, and disturb’d my Peace ?
What kindly Form was that, which struck my Soul,
With sudden Love, that took me to her Arms,
And entertain’d me, with a Mothers Care ?
Ye Gods, Disposers of poor Mortals Fate,
Oh ! Make the Omens of the Night propitious.

She said and rose ; nor fairer rose the Morn.
With Speed, she hafts to her Companion Nymphs,
Her happy equals, Beauteous all, and Young.
In sweet Society they constant tripp’d
Along the Fields, or form’d the sprightly Dance ;
Or in the Fountain bath’d their polish’d Limbs,
While clearer flow’d *Anaurus*’ happy Stream.

Or the fair Gardens flow'ring Honours cropt,
LILLIES, and ROSES, Rivals of their Charms.

Now see the happy Band together met,
In the fair Fields, fast by Old *Ocean's* Side,
That calm'd his Waves, and gentlest *Zephyrs* Breath'd,
To Fan the charming Maids : Each in her Hand,
Treas'ry of Flowers, a Neat-wrought Basket held

Europa's Self, a Golden Basket held,
Exquisite Workmanship ! By *Vulcan* made,
And giv'n to Beauteous *Lybia*, Bride of *Neptune*.
Then near ally'd to *Lybia* in Blood
Telepbaessa fair the Boon receiv'd ;
She to *Europa* next, her Virgin Daughter,
With bounteous Hand the valu'd present gave.

The Basket deck'd with curious Figures Shone.
Within was *Jo* rais'd in roughen'd Gold,

An

An Heifer Fair, nor yet transform'd to Woman.
 Wanton she seem'd to Press the billowing Waves,
 For in the Basket rose the swelling Sea.
 While on the Shore two Men astonish'd stood,
 And with Surprise, beheld the swimming Heifer.

The Sculpture too express'd enamour'd *JOVE*,
 Stroaking the Beauteous Cow's smooth Polish'd Neck,
 Till on the slimy Banks of Seven-mouth'd *NILE*,
 In Woman's Charms array'd, again she stood.
 In a smooth Silver Current, flow'd the *NILE*,
 The Heifer seem'd in Polish'd Brass to Low,
 And Gold declar'd the Majesty of *JOVE*.
 Not far from him was winged *Hermes* plac'd,
 And here stretch'd out the watchful *Argus* lay,
 His Body cover'd o'er with sleepless Eyes;
 And from his Purple Blood a Bird arose
 In all the Colours of the show'ry Bow,

Flutt'ring

Flutt'ring his joyful Wings, that widely spread
Like some vast Sail swell'd out by prosp'rous Winds,
And round the Basket's golden Edges flow'd.

The Nymphs now to their pleasing Business bend,
And pluck the various Flow'rs that seem to smile,
Pleas'd e'en with falling by such beauteous Hands.
The sweet *Narcissus*, and the dusky HYACINTH
Mingled with VIOLETS were their fragrant spoil,
The yellow CROCUS some, and some the DAFFODIL;
And some the LILLIE's spotless whiteness cropt.
Europa's Lap the blushing ROSE adorn'd,
Fair, fragrant EMPRESS of the flow'ry Mead.
Europa o'er the rest in Beauty shone,
Like *Venus* midst the charming Three distinguish'd.

But soon, *Europa*, were these sports to cease,
Soon from *Diana's* Train must thou be banish'd.
For thy strong Beauty soar'd beyond the Earth,

And wounded, e'en in Heav'n, Almighty *Jove* :
He, tho' by ev'ry other pow'r unvanquish'd,
Lays open to the soft Attacks of Love.

The God, of *Juno*'s jealous Eye afraid,
And striving to deceive thy Virgin Coynefs,
Descended not as Heav'ns majestick KING,
But underneath an Earthly Shape lay hid,
And a BULL's Form bely'd th' intriguing God.
But not a BULL of common Race he seem'd,
Or us'd to bend beneath th' oppressive Yoke,
Or drag the toilsome Plow, or roam along
The marshy Wilds amid the vulgar Herd.

But with a stately Pride he trod the Ground,
Sleak as the polish'd Gold his brindled sides,
And mid' his ample Forehead brightly shone,
Whiter than driven Snow, a graceful Star.
His vivid Eyes sparkled with am'rous Ray,

And over rose two beauteous bending Horns,
In form like silver *Cynthia's* growing Light.
To the fair Reapers gently he approach'd,
Nor they affrighted fled, but nearer drew,
And stroak'd with pleasing Touch the happy Bulls,
But at *Europa's* Feet most pleas'd he stood,
And sportive wreath'd his Tail in wanton twines,
Or bent to her embrace his arching Neck;
And when the Virgin's soothing Hands he felt,
Express'd his Joy in gently murm'ring Lowings.
Then softly to the Ground he bent his Knees,
And as he spread the smoothness of his Back,
To fair *Europa* turn'd his suppliant Eyes.

Who smiling, thus address'd th' attending Nymphs:
“ Behold, my soft Companions, Social Maids,
How pleas'd the gentle Beast admits our stroaks,
Nor turns him furly from our soothing Touch,
Sure only Voice he wants of being Human..

See how his Back he offers, let us mount,
And round the Fields in sportive Gambols ride.

She said, and on his Back herself she plac'd,
Inviting to her side the smiling Nymphs.
Nor sooner felt the BULL the pleasing Weight
But joyful with strong Vigour up he leap'd,
And to the Sea his beauteous Burden bore.

The Nymph with sudden Fear confounded shriek'd,
And to her dear Companions, drown'd in Grief,
Stretch'd out her unavailing Hands and Voice.

He with his Load triumphant rode the SEA,
The swelling Waves obsequious gave him way ;
Uprose the *Nereids* in *Cærulean* Choir,
From OCEAN, to Salute th' Olympian KING.
Neptune himself attending, Homage paid,

And

And *Tritons* play'd around with joyful Noise,
And *Hymeneals* from their sounding shells.

The VIRGIN seated on the heav'nly BULL,
Fast in one Snowy Hand his polish'd Horn,
And in the other held her flowing Vestments,
That lightly seem'd to brush the rising Waves.
While round her Head, by gentle ZEPHYRS fann'd,
Flutter'd her Veil, and grateful Coolness brought.

But from her native Soil when far remov'd,
Nor Sandy Shore, nor verdant Hill she saw,
But the wide SEA alone, and pathless Air ;
By Tears thus interrupted flow'd her Words.
“ Oh ! whither wou'd'st thou bear a wretched Maid,
Or who, or whence, or of what kind art thou ?
How dar'st thou venture o'er the boist'rous SEAS,
Huge wat'ry Realms, by Ships alone pass'd o'er,

Thy race with Justice seek the verdant Meads,

And fly with horror from the roaring Main.

But if Inhabitant of Heav'n thou art,

Why act'st thou inconsistent with a GOD?

The finny DOLPHINS never walk the Earth,

Nor lowing Herds attempt to tread the SEAS;

But thou alike, or walk'st the solid Ground,

Or boldly passest o'er th' extended Deep,

Nor want'st the help of Oars or spreading Sails.

Nay, peradventure, thro' the trackless Air,

E're long uprising thou may'st wing thy Flight,

Wretched *Europa*, from thy native Land

And fond distracted Parents born away,

O'er distant SEAS, a BULL thy only guide.

O thou,

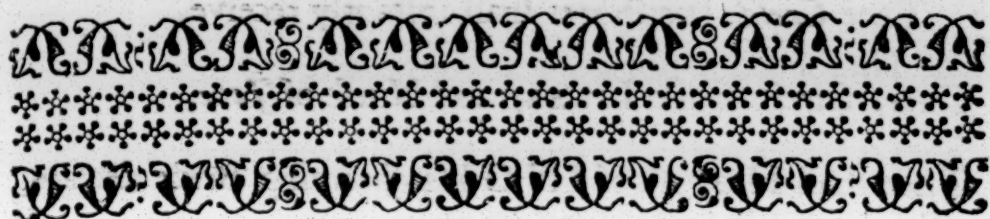
O thou, great OCEAN's over-ruling Lord,
Neptune, propitious smile upon my Voyage,
For, not despairing yet, I hope to see
The GOD that smooths the Billows as I pass.
For, not unaided by some Guardian God,
O'er the fierce boundless Deep secure I pass.
She said, and thus reply'd the Olympian BULL.

“ *Europa*, scorn to Fear, tho' Billows break,
And foaming OCEANS roar beneath thy Feet,
Thy guide is *Jupiter*, beneath this Form
Disguis'd, (who unconfin'd takes ev'ry shape.)
Thy Beauties urg'd me, charming Nymph, to leave
My Realms divine, and in a Brutal form
To cross the SEAS, with such a Burden blest,
More than when round me Pow'r almighty shines.

Thee *Crete's* fair shores shall instantly receive,
Crete, fairest of the ISLES, and Nurse of *Jove*,
Thee shall Heav'n's KING his charming Bride declare,
And from thy Bed shall potent MONARCHS spring,
To rule with delegated Sway the Earth.

He spoke, and *Crete's* white Rocks arose to view,
In his own Form resum'd the Godhead shone,
Saluting eagerly his beauteous Bride,
He loos'd the modest Girdle from her Waste,
And the fair Hours prepar'd the Nuptial Bed.





K E W G A R D E N S.

WHEN absent *Phæbus* from our Sky retires,
 And lends to other Worlds his chearing Fires,
 Not sadly wrapt we live in total Night,
 But feel a sweet vicissitude of Light ;
Cynthia with Pride asserts her borrow'd Reign,
 Queen of the starry Host, and Empress of the Main.

Thus while our Realm illustrious *Brunswick* leaves,
 And Blessings to his distant Kingdoms gives,
 His Royal CONSORT stops our flowing Tears,
 Supplies his absence, and our Loss repairs :
 O'er fair *Britannia* spreads her milder ray,
 And cheers the ISLE with delegated Sway.

Her

Her Royal Virtues, and her Guardian Care
The Nation feels, nor need a MUSE declare.

To the tall Palaces, or noisy Court
The modest Nymphs of *Pindus* ne'er resort,
To shady Woods and silent Groves they fly,
On verdant Banks, or mossy Mountains lie ;
Midst purling Streams and and springing Flow'rs they roam,
Where *Tempe's* Fields or *Richmond's* Valleys bloom.
Here, Here, ye tuneful Nine, for ever stray,
While Royal *Caroline* asserts your Sway.
See charming Scenes arising round to view,
That *Pindus* never own'd, nor *Tempe* knew.
Extended Lawns here fill the thirsty Sight,
And there the rising Avenues delight,
All Nature's Charms the various Walks disclose,
Perfect as when the first in *Eden* rose.

Here,

Here from the rising Terrace' level Brow,
We see the *Thames's* Silver Current flow.
Here *Sion's* lofty Turrets call our Eyes,
Or Villages in rustick Order rise.
Here splendid Pomp the NOBLES Pride maintains,
There INDUSTRY sits smiling o'er the Plains,
The Rich in State their WEALTH enjoy, the Poor
In PEACE and LIBERTY their little Store.

How lost in sweet Variety we roam
From *Thames's* Banks, and *Richmond's* lofty Dome!
With growing Joy, and ever new Delight,
Till *Kew's* fair Gardens greet our ravish'd Sight ;
Each Step we tread, each Moment we advance,
Some unseen Beauty strikes our wond'ring Sense.
Here stretching *Vistas* burst upon our Eyes,
Here swelling Hills, with kind Obstruction, rise ;
With friendly intercourse decrease the Day,
Relieve th' extended Nerves, and weaken'd Ray.

Lo!

Lo! while thro' bounded Walks our steps we bend,
And lofty E L M s on either Side ascend,
While in the pleasing Path we seem confin'd,
And various Thoughts employ our musing Mind :
Sudden with op'ning view extends the Green,
As if some Magick chang'd the shifting Scene ;
From the nice Path, and regulated Shade,
Surpriz'd we view the spreading rural Glade.
See where the S C Y T H E the lusty Mower wields,
And bending Harvests smile along the Fields.
Delighted e'rst we prais'd the force of Art,
But Nature's stronger Charms now vanquish all our Heart.

Such are the Seats where *Britain's* Q U E E N retires,
When *England's* weal no more her Care requires,
When the C O U R T's Pomp, and C O U N C I L's Business past,
E'en Sceptred M O N A R C H s may securely rest,

M O N A R C H s

MONARCHS whose Souls no wild Ambition moves,
Whom *Walpole* serves, and happy *Britain* loves.

Let Eastern KINGS their furly Pride maintain,
And from their Subjects far sequester'd Reign,
A pompous Slav'ry in *Seraglios* bear,
(While crouding Guards proclaim their Master's fear.)
And all the Joys their Royalty can give,
From guilty State, and splendid Vice receive.

Far diff'rent Pleasures, and sublimer Joy,
The Guardians of *Britannia's* Rights enjoy.
Thro' the blest ISLE unguarded they might rove
Their strongest, best Defence, their People's LOVE.
Their truly Royal Souls no Vice can please,
To Virtue's Laws they consecrate their Ease.

What tho' along fair *Kew's* extended Green
With Nature mixt, no sumptuous Art is seen?

What

What tho' no Marble Grottos fill the Eyes,
Nor in proud length luxurious BATHS arise?
Such as with Pride the *Persian's* softness own,
To falling *Rome*, and guilty *Caprea* known.

Far more inviting is the blest Retreat,
With simple Grandeur deck'd, and plainest State.
Nature with Joy asserts her verdant Reign,
O'er the smooth THEATRE's extended Plain.
Ascending OAKS their branching Honours spread,
And taught by Nature only form the Shade.
A pleasing Wildness next invites our Eye,
That seems uncultivate and rude to lie;
Amidst the mossy Shrubs and rustick Green
A *Hermit's* solitary CELL is seen.
Its humble Walls compos'd of rugged Stone,
With fertile Weeds, and spreading Thorns o'er-grown:
Like some remote *Arabian's* studious Seat,
For silent musing Contemplation fit.

Nor this from Fancy's Light *Caprice* arose,
Nor undefining Vanity it shows.
Sacred it stands, and safe preserves the Fame
Of *Britain's* wisest Sons exalted Name :
Here still preserv'd by *Caroline* from Death,
Her great PHILOSOPHERS in Marble Breath.
What earnest Thought, and deep enquiring Zeal,
Seems on the Brow of learned *Clarke* to dwell ?
While from the vilest Weed, or smallest Grain,
That fills the Garden, or adorns the Plain,
Th' unbroken Chain of Reas'ning he pursues
Extends his Thought, and high exalts his views,
Till mounting up to Heav'ns supreme abode,
The cause of all he finds, one Everlasting G O D.

The Rays that faintly beam'd on *Plato's* Breast,
And dawning Light in *Tully's* Soul express,

All shone on *Clarke* with full Meridian Day,
Fair Truth reveal'd, and chas'd the Clouds away.

Here too we see *Locke's* penetrating Eye,
And e'en in Stone his piercing Thoughts descry,
That boldly rov'd thro' Nature's ev'ry part,
And trac'd the Windings of the human Heart,
Show'd ev'ry Spring from whence the Passions flow,
And truly taught Mankind, THEMSELVES TO KNOW.

Here too thy Form, great *Woolaston*, appears,
Thy thoughtful Mien the Marble next declares.
The Charms of Virtue taught by Thee we learn,
From Immortality with Horror turn.
Direct our Lives by Nature's potent Law,
And precepts from her purest Fountain draw.
And find her truest School with Rules is fraught,
Beyond what *Rome* e'er knew, or *Athens* taught.

Several Occasions.

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To *Newton* next we turn our wond'ring Eyes,
Behold a Mortal's Reason, with surprize ;
Trav'ling where Stars are fix'd, and Planets croud the
Skies.

The vast Ideas fill our lab'ring Brain,
Scarce can our weaker Sense his Thought contain.
Wrapt in Amaze, we praise the glorious Name,
And by a wond'ring Silence tell his Fame.

As from the Sun we turn our dazled Sight,
His Influence bless, but scarce can bear his Light.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAG. 15, Ver. 2, for Sculpture, read Sculptor, Pag. 96, Ver. 8, for
of, read off. Pag. 113, Ver. 3, for too, read to. Pag. 141, Ver. 7,
read enliv'ning. Pag. 185, Ver. 17, read LIBERTY. Pag. 225, Ver. 6,
for 'en, read e'en. Pag. 246, Ver. 9, for fair, read far.



